VOL. 40 NO. 9 Lessons for December SEPTEMBER 1953

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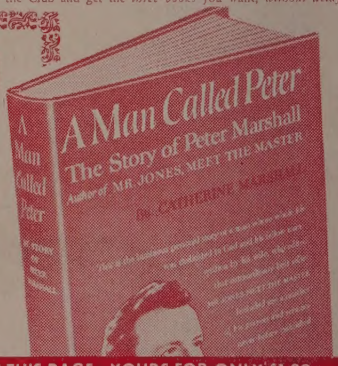

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From Near and Far

I feel I must write and say how thrilled I was to see my poem "A Mother's Prayer" in the June issue of our *Magazine*. I feel it a great privilege to be numbered with the contributors to such an excellent *Magazine*. May I add how much the sisters of Preston Branch enjoy working in Relief Society. We are only few in numbers, but the spirit of the Lord is with us in rich abundance. All who attend the meetings subscribe to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and we do not want to miss a single issue. We send greetings to the many Prestonians who are now in Utah.

—Elsie Scott
Preston, Lancashire, England

The July *Magazine* reached me a few days ago, and I have devoured every word of it. I wish I could remember how long I have been reading *The Relief Society Magazine*, but I cannot remember when I did not read and enjoy it very much.

—Mrs. G. Stanley Brewer
Ogden, Utah

The stories in *The Relief Society Magazine* are of high quality, and I have found them useful and entertaining in our M.I.A. drama project—"Latter-day Saint Songs and Stories." My favorite stories for this project are: "Pot-Head Kettle" (by Velma D. Cloward, April 1953) and "A Lady's Skirt" (by Blanche Kendall McKey, July 1953).

—Joyce P. Christensen
Murray, Utah

I attend the Glendale Ward, and I love it there. I am a Junior Gleaner and vice-president of my Mutual class. I have been a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for three years. My mother attends the Relief Society meetings, and I go to work meetings with her and really enjoy it. I help the ladies with their sewing and talk with them. I really love older people and love being with them. I want to express my appreciation for the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is so inspiring, and I find that it states a little lesson. I love the stories, also. I am only sixteen years of age, but maybe some day I will be a Relief Society teacher. I am surely thankful that my mother is receiving the *Magazine*.

—Virginia Smithart
Glendale, Arizona

I always read the *Magazine* from cover to cover, and it is always an inspiration to me as it seems to make everyday trials and troubles disappear. It is one of the things that I always give to my mother to honor her on Mother's Day because she enjoys it so much.

—Evelyn C. Christensen
Gooding, Idaho

During our recent tour of literary shrines in England, I noticed that Relief Society women who had studied and enjoyed the literature lessons in *The Relief Society Magazine* were particularly interested in all the places we visited and their background of information added greatly to their enjoyment of the tour.

—Vida Fox Clawson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Thank you for the excellence of the *Magazine*—for the enjoyment, the enlightenment, and the spiritual uplift I receive from every issue. It seems to me that in every way it is a publication worthy of a society organized by a true Prophet of God.

—Mrs. Wanda G. Nielson
Monticello, Utah

I take pleasure in renewing my subscription to the loved messenger that comes so promptly, with renewed inspiration in each issue, for which thanks are given for this great work that only the members of our sex could accomplish so successfully.

—Violetta H. Dunton
North Salt Lake, Utah

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Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF RELIEF SOCIETY ADMIRE BEAUTIFUL VASES A GIFT FROM THE JAPANESE MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Left to right: Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, President Belle S. Spafford, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

Shape of Earth

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

There will be other years when crimson spreads
From height to hill to valley like a flame,
When stones are jeweled in the riverbeds
Where shallow crystal wears a willow frame.
There will be autumns when the sycamores
Restrew their leathery leaves upon the walk
And locust purses open wide their stores
Of tarnished coins where sparrows crowd and talk.
And one will pass at morning to the click
Of maple castanets above the street,
And pause, surprised to find them lying thick
And noisy still beneath returning feet,
Where patiently the silversmiths of rain
Will tap new bronze to shape of earth again.

The Cover: Clark Bird Refuge, Santa Barbara, California
Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Ancestry of President David O. McKay

Jeanette McKay Morrell

[The first of a series of articles on the ancestry and life of President McKay.]

PRESIDENT David O. McKay comes from two lines of religious people. His paternal grandmother, Ellen Oman McKay was one of ten children, seven girls and three boys. Her father, David Oman, for whom President McKay was named, was the factor or steward of the large estate of the Earl of Caithness.

The three sons went to India where they became the owners of a large tea plantation. The youngest of the brothers died in early manhood, but the other two remained to rear their families there, sending their children to London for their education.

The seven daughters were given the best education Scotland afforded at that time. They all sang in the Presbyterian Church choir, and were popular among the young people of the church, and the town of Thurso.

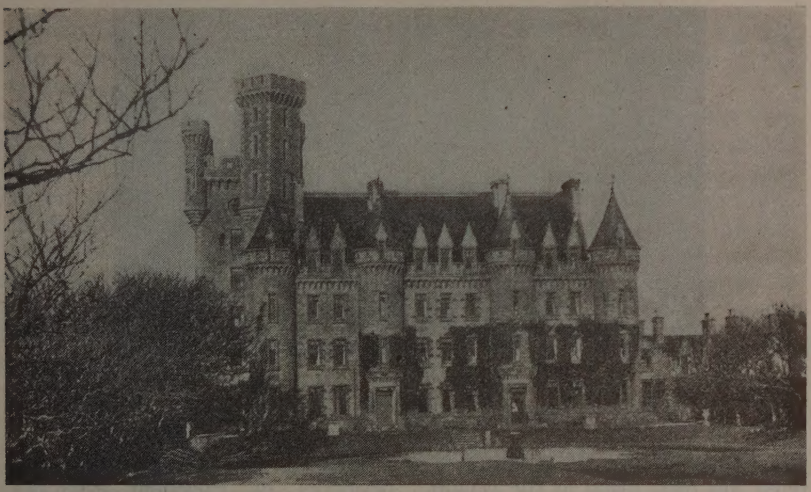
Ellen Oman met and married William McKay from Strathnaver, Sutherlandshire, and their family consisted of two sons and three daughters: Isabella, Williamena, Katherine, Isaac, and David.

On November 3, 1850, the William McKay family became members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The three eldest children were baptized with their parents on that date, and they all became enthusiastic workers in their new faith.

Ellen was greatly surprised and greatly disappointed when her parents and sisters refused to accept the gospel as she explained it to them. They even destroyed the books and tracts she gave them to read. Their attitude, however, failed to cool her ardor, and when, in 1852, her husband was ordained an elder, and later was made branch president, she was as active as he in proclaiming the tenets of the Latter-day Saint religion.

When the time arrived for the family to leave their home for the long journey to Utah, Ellen's family pleaded with her to desist from what they termed "this mad adventure." The Presbyterian minister visited her, at the request of her family, and spent hours arguing against her leaving. He left her home saying, "I am sorry to lose such a strong Christian member." The Earl and Countess of Caithness added their pleas for her to remain, but when Ellen Oman McKay knew she was right, nothing could change her from her duty.

After disposing of their property and making arrangements to leave Scotland, the children developed measles, and their departure had to be postponed. A friend of the family took advantage of the delay and asked William McKay to lend him sufficient money to take his family to the States, promising to return the amount when the family ar-



THURSO CASTLE, SCOTLAND, HOME OF THE EARL OF CAITHNESS

David Oman, great-grandfather of President McKay, acted as steward on the estate of the Earl of Caithness.

rived at New York with a later company.

The McKay family left Liverpool on Sunday, May 4, 1856, on the sailing vessel *Thornton*, commanded by Captain Collins, and reached New York on June 4th. Upon their arrival they were greatly disappointed to find no trace of the friend to whom they had loaned their money; so they found themselves in a new country without means to continue the journey to Utah.

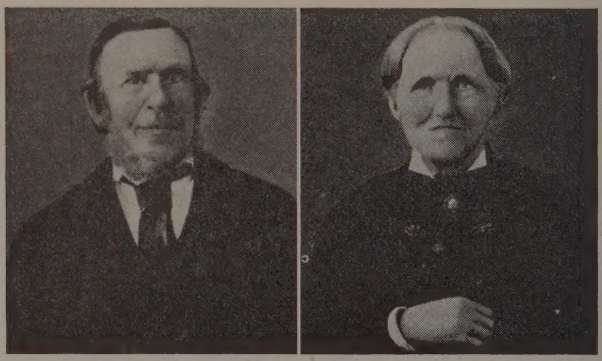
Undaunted, a family council was held, and with the advice of the president of the New York Branch, William McKay and his two sons, Isaac, sixteen, and David, twelve, found work, the father going to Connecticut, Isaac to New Jersey, and David upstate in New York.

THE mother, left with her three small daughters, rented an unfurnished, upstairs apartment, to which they removed their bedding and the few household articles they had been able to bring with them.

Since the family observed the Word of Wisdom, there was an accumulation of tea, which had been issued to them on the boat, and this was exchanged for bread and groceries, which lasted until they had earned their first money.

After two years in the East, the family left for Iowa, where they remained another year preparing for the long journey across the plains. From Iowa City, they, with a small company of ten wagons, moved to Florence, where they joined the company of Captain James Brown, leaving on June 13, 1859.

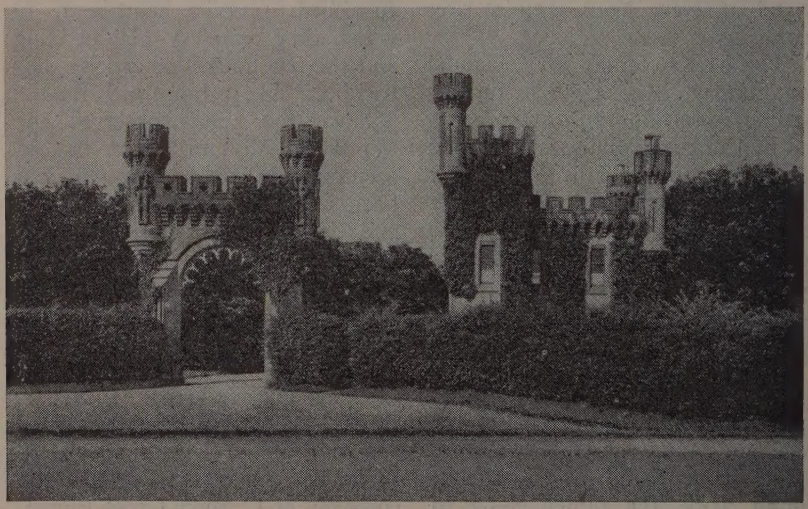
As the family was ready to leave, word reached Ellen Oman McKay, that there were a lame woman and her daughter who had no place in



WILLIAM AND ELLEN OMAN McKAY
Paternal Grandparents of President David O. McKay

the company. She immediately offered her own place in the wagon, and she walked every step of the long journey to Salt Lake City, arriving Monday, August 29, 1859.

Was it a coincidence that the experiences of President McKay's mother's family in Wales paralleled those of his father's family in Scotland? His maternal grandfather,



LODGE ON THE ESTATE OF THE EARL OF CAITHNESS, THURSO, SCOTLAND

This lodge was occupied by David Oman, father of Ellen Oman McKay, paternal grandmother of President McKay. David Oman was the factor, or steward, on the estate of the Earl of Caithness, and this lodge was his residence, and from this place Ellen Oman was married to William McKay.

Thomas Evans, the son of Edward Evans and Jennette Powell Evans, was born in October, 1812, in Glamorganshire, South Wales. He was descended from a long line of professional people, among whom were lawyers, ministers, and teachers. His grandmother, Margaret (Peggy) Powell, daughter of Thomas Powell and Ann Lewis Powell, was born July 2, 1813, in Brecknockshire, South Wales. The families of both maternal grandparents were devout members of the Methodist Church, and shortly before Margaret Powell's passing in 1896, she received a visit from one of her nephews, Morgan Powell, who had come to America, and lived somewhere in the West, and who was on his way East to accept a pastorate in the Methodist Church.

Thomas Evans and Margaret were married March 27, 1837, establishing their home in Cefen Coed, near Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, South Wales. They were the parents of eleven children. They became converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and were baptized the same year the McKay family became members, in May 1850. Because of this action, Thomas was disinherited by his family, and received no word from any of them from that time until his death in Ogden, Utah, May 25, 1877. Since that time, however, his

HOME OF WILLIAM McKAY AND ELLEN OMAN McKAY, THURSO, SCOTLAND

This house, once the home of President McKay's paternal grandparents, is still occupied.

THOMAS AND MARGARET POWELL EVANS
Maternal Grandparents of President David O. McKay

descendants have exchanged visits with some of his people who came to the United States but remained in the East.

Thomas was ordained an elder by William Richards, and later became president of the branch in which he lived. The family sailed for America, on the packet ship *Horizon*, May 25, 1856. They arrived in Boston harbor on June 30, and immediately boarded a train for Iowa City, arriving there July 8, 1856.

THE Evans family remained in Iowa three years, and after securing wagons, teams, and an extra cow to supply them with milk and butter, they left Florence June 7, 1859, in the private company of Philip H. Buzzard, arriving in Salt Lake City August 24, 1859.

Thus the two families, living in different countries, were baptized in the same year, sailed for the United States during the month of May 1856, and both reached America about six weeks later. The McKays remained in New York two years, and one year in Iowa, while the Evans family spent three years in Iowa, and the arrival of both families in Utah was in August 1859. Neither was conscious of the existence of the other until they met in Ogden, Utah. Surely theirs were "ships that passed in the night."

The Evans family remained in Salt Lake City two weeks, and then came to Ogden, purchasing the property between what is now Adams and Madison Avenues, and between Twenty-eighth and Thirtieth Streets. Here they built a temporary log cabin, and, later, a rock house was completed. This was a comfortable and quite elaborate house for the times, and was occupied continuously until 1951, when it was replaced by an apartment house, owned by their grandson, Thomas Edward Gibbons.

David McKay, a lad of fifteen, saw Jennette Evans as she sat on the tongue of their wagon, shortly after her arrival in Ogden, and he said he never forgot her large,

brown eyes under the pink sunbonnet. She became one of the most beautiful and most popular young ladies of Ogden, and David kept in touch with her and her family, and finally persuaded them to allow him to marry her on April 9, 1867, when she was not quite eighteen. Apostle Wilford Woodruff performed the marriage ceremony in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Previous to their marriage, David had been in Huntsville for several years working with his father and brother. They had all taken up land, and Father William McKay had herds of cattle and sheep from which his meat market in Ogden was supplied. David lived in a log cabin, and his sister, Williamena McKay, kept house for him and his father on his frequent visits to Huntsville. David was active in religious affairs, even as a young man.

When the old rock schoolhouse in Huntsville was razed in 1934, and the cornerstone was removed, a sealed glass jar was discovered containing the following:

Huntsville, Weber County, Utah Territory, United States of America, July 4, 1866. The following named persons, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, agree to assist in building a house in Huntsville, wherein to worship God and educate their children.

HOME OF THOMAS AND MARGARET POWELL EVANS, CEFEN COED, NEAR MERTHYR TYDFIL, WALES

Jennette Evans McKay, mother of President McKay, was born in this house. The picture was taken July 16, 1952. Standing, left to right: Emma Ray Riggs McKay, wife of President McKay; a distant cousin of President McKay, Blodwyn Davis; President McKay.

ROCK HOME OF THOMAS AND MARGARET POWELL EVANS IN OGDEN, UTAH

This house stood until 1951 at the corner of 28th Street and Porter Avenue. View taken from the northwest, showing the front and one side of the house, part of the old walnut tree, and the lilac bushes.

Then followed a long list of names, and David McKay's was one of them.

FOLLOWING their marriage, David took his bride Jennette to the log cabin in Huntsville, and they commenced life as young pioneers. Indians came frequently to the village and, carrying out President Young's instructions, they were always received as friends and given food. *The Deseret News* gave an account of one such visit consisting of seven chiefs of the Shoshones, accompanied by about one thousand of their men, squaws, and papooses. They arrived on Thursday, and made their camp a mile west of the settlement. On Sunday, the chiefs attended the meetings of the Church, at which President Francis A. Hammond asked that a donation of food be brought the next day to the public square, and invited the entire party to come and receive their presents. The Indians came, singing and dancing, and concluded their performance with a sham battle. They were given four beefs, nine sheep, several sacks of flour, and from fifty to seventy-five bushels of potatoes, carrots, beets, and turnips. This was not an unusual experience for Huntsville, except that the visitors came often in smaller groups.

On one of these occasions a young brave must have decided that he would like the young bride, Jennette, for his own. He came to the cabin one morning when she was washing clothes, and said: "You be my squaw!" She struck him in the face with a towel from her tub, and then ran to another room where

Grandfather McKay was sleeping. As soon as the Indian realized that she was not alone, he hurried out to his horse and disappeared.

During the months that followed she was nervous whenever an Indian approached the house. Although she fed a great many of them, she said she was always relieved when she saw them on their way back toward their camp.

Two daughters, Margaret, January 22, 1869, and Ellena, May 22, 1871, were born in the log cabin before the front part of the rock house, now known as "The Old Home," was completed. It was a happy day for this small family when they moved into the larger and more comfortable home, and it was in this house that President David O. McKay was born, eighty years ago on September eighth.

Six Years, Passed

Blanche Kendall McKey

O little son, my little son,
The bell at the school door is ringing;
Across the meadow and up the street
You seem to fly on elfin feet,
In tune with the call of its swinging.

The birds have flown from the northern hill;
The trees, the house, and my heart are still.
Gray-winged clouds presage a storm;
O little son, with your big red book,
O little son, with your frightened look,
May God's love keep you warm!

Who Once Has Climbed a Mountain

Pansye H. Powell

Who once has climbed a mountain knows the thrill
Of him who struggles ever on, until
A goal is reached. He stands there strangely tall
And stretches to touch the sky. He feels that all
The universe is spread before his eyes,
And earth is just one step from paradise.

Who once has felt high wind upon his face
And warmth of sun conferring healing grace,
Will always know the elemental peace
That brings the mountain climber earth-release.
He walks more softly, will more kindly speak,
Who once in life has climbed a mountain peak.

In Memoriam—
Elder Albert E. Bowen

(October 31, 1875 - July 15, 1953)

Elder Mark E. Petersen
Of the Council of the Twelve

THE people of the Church and of the entire West will sorely miss Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve who passed away at his home in Salt Lake City, Wednesday morning, July 15, 1953.

But even in death his steadying hand will bear its wholesome influence upon those who knew him. His common sense, his stability of character, his humor, his fairness, and his simple faith will linger through the years to further shape the lives of those who were fortunate enough to be within the circle of his influence.

Brother Bowen literally "arose from the soil." He was farmer-born, he learned on the ranch what it meant to bear responsibility, what it meant to work. He had stability so characteristic of the soil and those who work it. There he learned to appreciate the simple but wholesome things in life, and the value of honesty, integrity, and straightforwardness. He dealt in plainness with his fellows. He was a man without guile.

Brother Bowen was a self-made man in the same sense in which Abraham Lincoln was self-made. He, too, had to struggle for his education. He, too, knew the taste of disappointment. He, too, ate "humble pie." But, also, he arose to heights among his fellows. With high honors, he graduated from a great university as a doctor of jurisprudence and rose to the crest of the legal profession. Yet in it all he was human, humble, understanding, and true. Great as was his powerful intellect, wide as was his learning, his heart was greater.

ELDER ALBERT E. BOWEN

He had a love which ran deep. It embraced his country, his Church, his friends, and most of all, his family. He constantly gave of himself for others. He did not die for them—but he lived for them. Literally he gave his life—all the years of it—for others. Is there greater love than that?

His faith in God was his outstanding attribute. It was a simple, child-like faith. It was implicit. He had no doubts. And when he prayed, he did so in the spirit of that faith, and it was beautiful.

Not only will he live on in the personal immortality of the eternal world. He will find immortality also in the hearts of us who remain here in this life. His influence will go on and on.

I Serve Eternity

Amy Viau

I humor Time
By bowing as I pass
But I serve Eternity
For I have talked with timeless space
And depth—
So have glimpsed the endlessness
Of heaven's unfolding.

I fear not Time's threatenings,
For I have communed with everlasting hills
And skies
At morning,
Unafraid of Time's affairs
With the chant of changes.

I have countered its pendulumed minutes
By the recognition
Of the unmoving now.

I humor Time
As I may suffer a persuasive dream,
But the covers of Eternity
Are over me.

Elizabeth

Florence B. Dunford

A dog, and so little a one as Elizabeth, shouldn't be such an important thing in a person's life. At least to me it had always seemed that people should come first. Yet when our three-months-old cocker spaniel turned up missing that Sunday in late August it meant *crisis*.

We had never had a dog before. My husband was a salesman, and all of our boy's life we had lived in apartments and hotels. But now Jim was coming home from Korea, with his leg still in a cast up to his knee, but blessedly safe and in time to start school that fall.

"I don't care if he is twenty and in college," I told Allen that spring. "When that boy comes home this time he is going to have a dog." It wasn't that I was so particularly fond of dogs, myself. But Jim wanted one, and I knew he had missed having one all these years, for he had no brothers or sisters.

Surprisingly enough, his father agreed with me. We were living in a house then, even if it was a rented one. At last we could keep a dog.

"I'll scout around and see if I can find one," Allen promised.

"We're going to get you a dog," I told Jim, the first time he came back home before he had been released from the hospital.

I remember now the odd, unbelieving look he gave me. "Now, Mother," he said.

It's like that, I thought, a kind of hurt shock going through me. *He thinks it is my fault he has never had a dog. He thinks I don't like them.*

It was the way we had lived that was to blame. We had never really had a place for a dog before. But now we did. And that's how we came to get Elizabeth.

IT was a month or so after Jim went back to the hospital, and just a few days before he would be discharged, that I went with Allen over his territory. We were in Hailey, and I remember he called me at the hotel.

"I think I've found a dog," he said. He went on, "I'll pick you up; we'll run over and see it."

The dog kennel was at the back of the white frame house. There were just three puppies inside with the mother dog, a cocker spaniel with a rich coppery coat.

"All the males are gone," the woman who owned them said.

The mother dog tore at the meshed wire fence. "She doesn't like her babies being taken away from her," the woman went on.

There were two red puppies left. Then, over to one side, I saw the blond one. Instantly there was something in the way she raised her soft blue eyes with the incredibly long lashes that touched my heart.

"I'd like to see the little blond one," I said, a strange kind of clog in my throat. "Could I hold her?"

The woman went inside, closed

the door, and then after a moment came out. She placed the puppy in my arms. She was so soft, so utterly helpless, and so unresisting that the lump came into my throat again. She didn't make any fuss at all, just looked at me with sad hope, her long silky ears mashed flat against her woebegone little face.

"They look like ear pads," I told Allen. And something about her expression reminded me of an old history picture. It was the picture of a queen, and her eyes held that same sad look. The big ear pads, of course, were bejewelled.

"We'll take this one," I said, cuddling the puppy against my cheek. I turned to Allen. "Her name is Elizabeth."

And so that was the way we happened to get her. The next few weeks I spent a good deal of time keeping her from getting lonely, teaching her to follow me about the house. And all the time my mind was with Jim, about how surprised he would be. I had already written him and told him about her.

"But still he'll be surprised," I told Allen. I added, "Somehow he doesn't think we mean it."

But then in a few days we had a letter from him. And he did finally believe it, because he said, "Take good care of Elizabeth."

It was Sunday and he was due home the next Friday. Elizabeth was so dependable and loving that I thought I could trust her outside alone. But, suddenly, along about noon I missed her.

"Have you seen the puppy?" I asked Allen, when he came from church.

He stared at me.

Panic rose inside me. "I hoped you had taken her in the car," I said. I went on, "She's gone. I just let her outside for a moment."

Together we scoured the neighborhood. "Here, puppy, here puppy, here Elizabeth," I called up and down the street.

"She couldn't go far; she wouldn't go far; she's too little," I insisted. And then I added, "Someone's stolen her. Some of those boys who stop by the drugstore or the drive-in over on Vista."

That didn't seem reasonable either because Vista was half a block away. But some new businesses had opened up there recently — a movie, a drive-in, a service station. On Sunday especially the teenagers made it a gathering place.

We looked the rest of the day. "She couldn't have gone far; she wouldn't have gone far; she's too little," I kept insisting. And as the afternoon waned and the evening shadows fell, I became more and more certain that someone had stolen her.

"If she had been struck by a car, we would have found her," I told Allen. And he shook his head solemnly in agreement.

IT was hard for me to get to bed that night, thinking about her, wondering about her. I loved her for her own sake now. But along with it were my thoughts and worries about Jim. Jim somehow blamed me — not his father or the way we had lived for his never owning a dog. And even though he was twenty and had been to war and been wounded, something told me he would blame me now. That he

would think I was not really sincere about wanting a dog for him.

That next day at intervals I went down the road again. And by that time I had inquired at all the neighbors. "A little blond cocker," I kept telling them. But none of them had seen her. And though I strained my ears when I called her, for some answering sound, none came back.

By that night I was desperate. "Where's the dog?" I could just hear Jim asking it, the moment he hobbled into the house on his crutches.

"I'm going to advertise for her," I told Allen suddenly that night after dinner. And I went to the telephone.

"Lost: Blond Cocker Spaniel Puppy. Belongs to Wounded Veteran. Reward."

Jim wouldn't like that ad if he knew. He had never been one to try to get sympathy.

But something has to be done, I thought. There wasn't a possibility of getting another dog before Friday. We had paid thirty-five dollars for Elizabeth. And if we could have found another puppy, there would have been the explanations to Jim. The doubt would crop up. It wouldn't be the same.

"Maybe if they see that ad they'll bring her back," I told Allen. And though I didn't believe it myself, still I had to hope. Anyone could tell by looking at her that she was pedigreed. Anyone who stole her wouldn't dare bring her back.

By Tuesday noon I had almost given up hope. The ad was in the paper, though. But would the right person see it? Why would anyone who stole a puppy look in the lost and found column?

It was shortly after twelve when I thought I heard the sound of a car in our gravelled driveway. And because I was hoping, if not looking for something to happen, I hurried from the kitchen through the living room. There wasn't a car. There wasn't a sign of a car though. I started to turn back, trying to swallow my disappointment.

But suddenly I saw her. At first I could scarcely believe my eyes. A tiny bedraggled figure in the middle of the front yard, smelling around as though she wasn't sure of herself. "Is this my home, really, or isn't it?" her manner clearly said.

I flew out the door, down the steps. Already I could see she was hurt. Her soft silky coat was a mass of burrs and dirt. She was dragging her right hind leg.

But she was Elizabeth. Somehow she had come back or someone had brought her back. I scooped her up in my arms, carried her back into the house. Crossing to a chair, I sat down with her.

SHE was dazed and unresisting at first. But as I cuddled her in my arms, realization struck at her. She pushed her head under my arm and began to cry. "Mmmm, mmm, mmm," she wept, and her voice was high with pain at the long, terrifying hours she had lain out alone. For clearly she had been struck by a car, and plainly she had not had a bite of food or a drink of water in those two long days. Yet there was happiness, too, in her cry, a wild

(Continued on page 639)

First Ladies of Our Land

WIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

Part II

Elsie C. Carroll

ELIZABETH KORTRIGHT MONROE
(1768-1830)

FOLLOWING Dolly Madison, *Elizabeth (Eliza) Kortright Monroe* (1768-1830) became mistress of the White House, as the wife of the fifth President. She was a belle of New York society when she met James Monroe, a young member of Congress who had left college to join the Continental Army and had later studied law with Thomas Jefferson and served in the Virginia Legislature. They had a whirlwind courtship and were married in February 1786, when Elizabeth was eighteen.

A few years later James was sent to Paris as Minister Plenipotentiary. Though the reign of terror was coming to a close, some of the participants in the French Revolution were still in exile or in prison. Among these were America's friend Marquis Lafayette, in exile, and his wife, condemned to death, in prison.

One of Elizabeth Monroe's memorable Paris experiences was a call upon Madame Lafayette. Minister Monroe wanted very much to help her, but conditions were so critical among officials in France that he feared to do anything that resembled American interference. He and Elizabeth decided that it might help Madame Lafayette gain her freedom if Elizabeth should call on her.

Accordingly, one day a carriage conspicuously bearing the United States' shield drove up to the prison. A footman helped Elizabeth to the ground, as an insolent guard approached. Trembling with fear, but with a bold front, Elizabeth announced: "Madame Lafayette, if you please." The guard thought he had not heard right, and she repeated: "Yes, the Marchioness who is under sentence of death. I wish to see her at once."

"Oh, Lady Monroe, you should not have done this," Madame Lafayette protested. "It may get you into great trouble."

Elizabeth explained what they hoped from the visit, since her husband could do nothing officially.

The plan worked. The terrorist government noted the interest of the United States in Madame Lafayette, and a few days later she was released as a gesture of friendship for America.

Ten years after Monroe's service abroad, he was elected President. He and Elizabeth moved their beautiful furniture into the White House, since the British troops had burned the furnishings during the War of 1812. People came eagerly to the receptions in the Executive Mansion, partly to see the furnishings, and with the hope that the social life there would be similar to that of Dolly Madison's day. They felt that the Executive Mansion belonged to the people, and that the First Lady was the nation's own hostess.

Elizabeth's health did not permit her to carry on the full social life of her predecessor and, besides, she had a different personality. She was charming and gracious, but, like Martha Washington, she preferred private to public life. Maria Monroe was the first President's daughter to be married in the White House. She was married in March 1820 in the East Room to her cousin Samuel L. Gouverneur of New York.

James Monroe served two terms as President (1817 - 1825) and he continued to be active in the affairs of his country after his return to Oak Hill in Virginia.

Elizabeth was still tall, dark, and stately, much as she had been when, in Paris, she had been called the belle of America. She died in 1830, and her husband followed her in death in July 1831.

LOUISA CATHERINE JOHNSON ADAMS
(1775-1852)

THE next First Lady, *Louisa Johnson Adams* (1775-1852) was the daughter-in-law of Abigail, the second mistress of the Executive Mansion. Louisa was born in London, where her father had gone before the Revolution to engage in business. Mr. Johnson had married an English girl, and they moved to France soon after the Declaration of Independence was signed, but later they returned to London, where he served as American Consul.

Louisa met John Quincy Adams soon after he had graduated from Harvard and was on his way to The Hague to fill a diplomatic mission for the United States. He stopped in London for a short time, and they became much interested in each other.

Though he remained at The Hague three years, they did not for-

get each other, and when he returned to London they were married, July 26, 1797.

Shortly after their marriage, John was made Ambassador to Prussia. In Berlin, they became intimate friends of Frederick Wilhelm III, King of Prussia (1797 - 1840), and his wife, Queen Louise.

Four years later they were recalled to America, just before John Quincy's father retired from the Presidency. They were soon sent on another political mission, however, this time to Russia. Louisa, unwillingly, left her two older children with their grandparents and took the baby with her. During the six-year residence in Russia, Louisa was saddened by the death of a child born during her stay in that country. This little girl was the only daughter in the family. Louisa's older children, after a separation of six years, joined her in England, where John Quincy Adams had received a new appointment—Minister to the Court of St. James (1851). Following the assignment in Russia and his diplomatic work in London, John Quincy served as Senator and eight years as Secretary of State, before he was elected President.

Before she became First Lady (in 1825), Louisa, with her fine European social background and experience, did much to bring back to Washington the happy days of Dolly Madison's time. She made herself popular with her Saturday night cotillions, and with a splendid ball she gave in honor of Andrew Jackson when he returned a hero from the War of 1812.

By the time she entered the White House, however, her health was failing, and she could not carry on the full social program for which she was so well fitted. She had been weakened by the cold, damp years in Russia. However, she appeared at every necessary function, and one biographer says, "Her handclasp was so warm and her smile so bright and friendly that her guests did not suspect that she was ill."

John Quincy Adams died in February 1848, while serving in Congress, nineteen years after his retirement from the presidency, and Louisa died four years later.

RACHEL Donelson Jackson (1768 - 1828) died just before Andrew Jackson's inauguration in 1829. During his two terms in the White House, Emily Donelson, Rachel's niece, and Sarah Yorke Jackson, wife of the President's foster son and other relatives, served as hostesses. Andrew Jackson survived his beloved Rachel more than sixteen years, and, until a few days before his death, he wore around his neck, "hidden in his bosom," a miniature of Mrs. Jackson, on the back of which was a little wreath made of his and her hair. Rachel was buried in the garden of the Hermitage, the family home, near Nashville, Tennessee.

The eighth and ninth Presidents, Martin Van Buren (1837-1841), and William Henry Harrison (1841) also went to the White House without First Ladies. Both *Hannah Hoes Van Buren* (1783 - 1819) and *Anna Symmes Harrison* had helped and inspired their husbands in their climb to their high offices. Hannah Hoes (who was

married to Martin Van Buren in 1807 at the age of twenty-four), like Rachel Jackson, died a short time before her husband entered the White House. Her daughter-in-law, Angelica, a niece of Dolly Madison, took her place in the Executive Mansion.

Anna Symmes Harrison (1775-1864) was the daughter of John Cleves Symmes, delegate to the Continental Congress and Judge of the Northwestern Territory. Harrison, a lieutenant in the army and one of the greatest Indian fighters of his time, married the beautiful Anna in 1795. She was too ill to go to Washington when William Henry was inaugurated. But she regained her health and was preparing to go to the capital to assume her duties as First Lady when she received word of her husband's death.

Misfortune came also to *Letitia Christian Tyler* (1790-1842), the wife of John Tyler, who was President from 1841 to 1845. Like Abigail Adams and Rachel Jackson, she superintended a large plantation while her husband devoted his time to political duties. By the time John Tyler became President she was an invalid, often unable to leave her room, but still exerting a spiritual and loving influence on her family and friends. Her daughter Letty and other relatives presided at White House social functions during Letitia's lifetime.

President Tyler married *Julia Gardiner* (1820-1889), the daughter of a Senator, in 1844. For eight months, she served as a charming First Lady, and she gave her husband her staunch loyalty and support during a stormy period

LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER
1790-1842)

when he lost much of his popularity.

She had the sadness of seeing him burned in effigy just outside the White House on one occasion. She tried to prevent his seeing the insult, but was unsuccessful. He told her, "I have seen this before, and though it hurts just as much every time I see it, the people can burn me in effigy all they want to, if they will just let me carry on my work in annexing Texas." He felt that if he could accomplish this his administration would have been a success.

Before they left the White House, Tyler had won back some of his popularity, and Julia had some happy days as First Lady. Their great satisfaction lay in the fact that the battle for Texas was won. President Tyler's plan for annexation

was accepted by Texas just before he left office.

Ex-President Tyler died in 1862 at the family home in Richmond, Virginia, and Julia survived him by more than twenty years, spending much of her later life in Washington.

SARAH Childress Polk (1803-1891) worked beside her husband James Polk as he rose from an obscure law practice in Tennessee to the State Legislature, to Congress, and finally to the Presidency. James was the first candidate for that high office who was not a distinguished national figure, and he was opposed by the popular Henry Clay. But Sarah knew that he had the characteristics of steadiness, perseverance, and ability to solve problems that would make him a good President if he were elected. So she worked heart and soul for him during the campaign.

As First Lady (1845 - 1849) she brought back to the Executive Mansion such serenity and dignity as Elizabeth Monroe had given it. She upheld certain standards that had not been known before. For instance, she forbade card playing and dancing in the White House. Though such edicts irritated some people, she became one of the most popular hostesses the Capital had known. She gave two evening receptions every week, and numerous dinners, musicals, and informal parties.

Her husband depended much on her and always consulted her on matters of importance. He begrudged spending time on social affairs, and she relieved him as much as possible, sometimes even receiving alone at the traditional President's Saturday receptions to Congressmen. She made friends for them both. She was known to be as well informed as her husband on all political matters, though she refrained from discussing politics with anyone but him. They were indeed President and First Lady.

SARAH CHILDRESS POLK
(1803-1891)

At the conclusion of his administration, President Polk and his wife retired to their home, Polk Place, in Tennessee, where he died a few months later. Even after his death, the National Guard would end their drills in front of the Polk home, where Sarah, with head erect, would accept their salute, a tribute to her as much as to the memory of her husband. Sarah Childress Polk lived in widowhood for more than forty years, a gallant woman, loved and honored, in her home in Tennessee. Recalling her life in the

Capital, Sarah remarked, "The White House was the abode of pleasure while I was there."

MARGARET Smith Taylor, (1788 - 1852), a daughter of a Maryland farmer, was married to Zachary Taylor in 1810, when she was twenty-two years old. She lived the dangerous, comfortless life of army camps for many years, as she accompanied her officer husband from fort to fort. When their children were old enough for school, she sent them to live with relatives, for she was determined they should not be deprived of education, though she remained with her husband. For more than a quarter of a century "their house was a tent, and their home was the battlefield."

During all those long years, however, she dreamed of the time when she could have a real home and family life. For a brief period that dream partially came true. When Zachary was called to command the army during the Mexican War (1846 - 1848), she did not go with him, but made a home—the Spanish Cottage—for her children on the banks of the Mississippi in Louisiana.

When the war was over and he returned, a hero, Zachary was nominated for the Presidency. He felt unqualified for the position, and Margaret, it is said, prayed that he would not be elected.

After election he became reconciled to the position, but she never did. She felt that she was so lacking in social background and experience that she would be a handicap, and, furthermore, she preferred privacy and domestic duties rather than social life and entertaining. Consequently, she shut herself away from the social life of Washington. Her daughter Betty (Elizabeth) Taylor Bliss acted as hostess, and her gracious youth and beauty captivated Washington society.

MARGARET SMITH TAYLOR
(1790-1852)

Margaret spent her time in a room she had furnished to resemble the little home she had had for a short time in Louisiana. President Taylor died in that room in July 1850, a little over a year after he became President. Margaret died two years later.

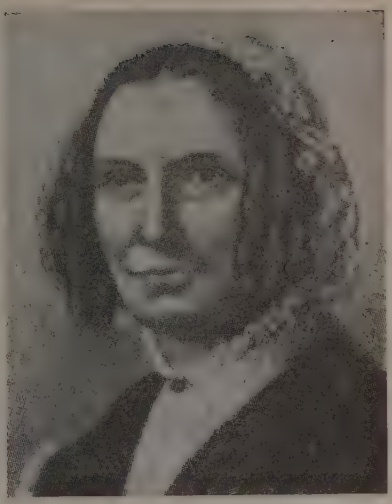
THE next First Lady, *Abigail Powers Fillmore* (1798-1853), was a schoolteacher from her teens until after her first baby was born. She became interested in Millard Fillmore when he was a wool-carder's apprentice struggling to get an education. She began to tutor him and helped him in his advancement the

rest of his life. Step by step, he made his way upward until he was Vice-President to Zachary Taylor, then President.

Abigail, because of failing health, was assisted as First Lady by her daughter Mary Abigail, a fine musician, who was only eighteen years old when she assumed many of the important responsibilities of a White House hostess. Together, mother and daughter arranged the books for the first White House library in the second-floor room they had furnished as a parlor.

Here Mary often sang or played the piano or harp for her mother and a few close friends.

At this time trouble was brewing between the North and the South. President Fillmore was accused of being a traitor to his party when he signed the Fugitive Slave Law. Abigail's greatest satisfaction lay in the knowledge that she was his support and comfort during those trying times. Abigail died less than a month after the Fillmores left the White House (in 1853). The grieving statesman said, "For twenty-seven years, my entire married life, I was always greeted with a happy smile."



ABIGAIL POWERS FILLMORE
(1798-1853)

I Can See America

Marian Driggs

I can see the cities—black and gray:
Tenements and brownstones,
Fire escapes and neon rippled pavements.
The honking . . . the screeching . . . the whistling . . . the rushing—

I can see the towns—
The ten-fifteen rushing by the darkened station,
Blue-shaded streets with long purple poplar arms sprawled across
Screen porches and purple-mottled front lawns.

I can see the prairies—
And feel the warm sun and the dry air,
Smell the dusty earth and cracking soil;
I can see a clear, sandy-bedded stream.

I can see a farmland puddled with rain,
A patchwork scene, yellow and red;
A crowd of trees, a wooden plow,
Waving wheat, alfalfa, and barley.

Yes, I can see America—
Her rolling sea, her swelling mountains;
Her rich farmlands, her teeming cities.
I can see America—our country.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE SAVING OF GRAIN: Sisters be warned in time and remember there is no famine like the want of bread . . . . Women who have known the pangs of hunger and whose children have cried for bread when there was none to give them, must realize what an important matter this is . . . we know when a loaf of bread was far more valuable than a handful of gold dust. —Editorial

A CURIOUS APPEARANCE: One of the curious happenings of late is the appearance of a large eagle on the towers of the temple and on the head of the statue of Moroni, also on the trumpet. The writer accidentally saw it and felt impressed that it was a good omen. —E.B.W.

WAYNE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY: Wayne Stake was organized May 28, 1893. The presidency of Relief Society are: Jane S. Coleman, Mary Ellen Hanks, and Sarah S. Forsythe. On July 12th we wrote to each president to have read in their meetings, "Utah Women in Chicago" in the June 15th number of the *Woman's Exponent*. Also have their teachers canvass their districts for subscribers for the *Woman's Exponent*. August 7th, held meeting at Cainesville, was happily surprised to have Stake President Robinson and Counselor G. Bastian attend our meeting.

—Jane S. Coleman

WOMEN OF THE WEST

The seeds of liberty for years
Round western altars have been sown;
Nourished with hopes or fed with tears,
Surprisingly has freedom grown.
Columbia's glory, strength and boast
The Constitution broad and grand,
Is honored by a countless host
Throughout this spacious western land.

—Emily H. Woodmansee

HISTORY OF MUSIC: In the growth of civilization among nations, as well as in the settlement and opening up of new countries and territories, music is the first outgrowth of the arts, taking precedence in the unfolding of social development of every genius but that of poetry. The peculiar form of expression in music is also an index of national character. The pioneer settlers who traversed the plains and crossed the Rocky Mountains to make homes in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, were certain in the early stage of their peculiar civilization to manifest the genius of music. Being so eminently religious in their tone of character, music would naturally form a very important part of their worship, and the hosts of Israel beguiled many an hour of their weary march across the Continent by singing the songs of Zion.

—Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Emily Aubrey Hooper, Salt Lake City, one hundred years old; Mathilda Erikson Ankarstrand, Bountiful, Utah, ninety-eight; Geziena Stedevel Grundmann, ninety-seven, Mary Barrett Hendry, ninety-six, Anna Maria Haney Davisson, ninety-three, all of Salt Lake City; and Rozella Curtis Andreason, ninety, Aurora, Utah.

VIRGINIA TANNER'S Children's Dance Theater of the McCune School of Music, branch of Brigham Young University, received an ovation in the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival at Lee, Massachusetts, July 19, and the American Dance Festival, New London, Connecticut, July 27. This was the first time the sponsors of either event had invited children to take part in these nationally famed performances.

MAUDE ADAMS, one of America's pre-eminent actresses, died July 17th at the age of eighty years. She was born and lived in Salt Lake City until her mid-teens; she played many times in the old Salt Lake Theater, her first appearance there occurring at the age of eight months. There was unusual individuality in Miss Adams' acting. The haunting quality of her pathos will remain indefinitely with her admirers. Charm and refinement came through in every role. Some of the favorites with the public were the roles in "Peter Pan," "The Lit the Minister," 'Chanticleer," L'Aiglon," and "What Every Woman Knows." She referred to Salt Lake City as "home," and said "The people of the valley have gentle manners, as if their spirits moved with dignity."

Miss Adams' grandfather, Barnabus L. Adams, was one of the original pioneers who entered the valley with Brigham Young in 1847. He cut timbers for the Salt Lake Tabernacle and the Salt Lake Theater.

MARY SMITH ELLSWORTH, wife of German E. Ellsworth, died June 30, 1953, in Salt Lake City. Long a devoted Church worker and enthusiastic Relief Society executive, she served as mission Relief Society president during the time that her husband served as mission president in the Northern States (1904-1919) and as president of the Northern California Mission from 1941 to 1949. She was a temple worker in both the Arizona and the Salt Lake temples, and was beloved by all who knew her, for her faithfulness, her devotion to duty, and for the inspiration of her life and her teachings.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 SEPTEMBER 1953 NO. 9

Congratulations to President David O. McKay on His Eightieth Birthday

September 8, 1953

THE general board and members of Relief Society throughout the stakes and missions of the Church remember the birthday of President David O. McKay with deep appreciation for his years of devotion to the Church, and for the inspiration he so freely gives through his teachings and in the example of his life. We are grateful that his health has been preserved, and that he is able to travel at home and in foreign countries to proclaim his testimony of the gospel, and bring rejoicing to the hearts of tens of thousands who are thus able to be blessed with the presence of the Lord's prophet.

We are grateful for the leadership of President McKay, for his inspiring personality, for his wisdom, and for his counsel. His interest in and appreciation of the work of the sisters, and his counsel for the forwarding of Relief Society are acknowledged with deep gratitude.

May health and happiness continue with President McKay and his beloved wife, and their devoted family. May our humble prayers in behalf of our President be heard by our Father in heaven who has called President McKay to be his prophet, seer, and revelator to us, to lead us in the path of eternal life.

"Never Give a Cross . . . Word"

AT an early meeting of Relief Society through which organization the key was turned for women in this last dispensation by the Prophet Joseph Smith, he gave instructions to Relief Society members in regard to their relationship towards their husbands.

He exhorted the sisters always to concentrate their faith and prayers for, and place confidence in their husbands, whom God has appointed for them to honor . . . .

Let this Society teach women how to behave towards their husbands, to treat them with mildness and affection. When a man is borne down with trouble, when he is perplexed with care and difficulty, if he can meet a smile instead of an argument or a murmur—if he can meet with mildness, it will calm down his soul and soothe his feelings; when the mind is going to despair, it needs a solace of affection and kindness . . . . When you go home, never give a cross or unkind word to your husbands, but let kindness, charity and love crown your works henceforward (D.H.C. IV, pp. 604, 606-607).

If a marriage is to succeed, ever growing in love and joy as the years advance, the wife must probably be more forgetful of self around the home than any other member of

the family. True marriage is destined to endure eternally, and each daily, small task performed by the wife for her husband draws the ties of marriage closer together.

Even before marriage it is well for every wife-to-be to recognize, in spite of present-day tendencies and actions, the true role of the wife as the homemaker and mother, and the husband as the breadwinner, the head of the household, and the bearer of the Priesthood through whom its blessings may be showered upon his family. By the very laws of creation these roles have been decreed in marriage.

It is the wife's part to encourage her husband to magnify his Priesthood and all Church calls which may come to him. After caring for her family all day, it is not always easy for a wife cheerfully to see her husband depart on Church business; but eternal marriage takes for granted love above self for the gospel and service in it.

With the tender feelings of women, it is very easy in the early months of marriage for a wife to take exception to some slight or chance remark of her husband, and secretly balloon its importance. However unjust her husband's attitude may appear to her, if the wife will view all the circumstances impartially and try to understand her husband's attitude, usually she will acknowledge that there are two sides to the question.

It is the wife's part to build up her husband in his own estimation so that he has the courage to win in the daily struggle to provide for his family. Even a selfish husband will be influenced more by gentleness, kindness, and tenderness, than by scoldings or reproaches.

Recently a wife of mature years laughingly confided, "I don't quarrel or let my feelings get hurt any more. What's the use? From the day of our marriage I knew I wanted it to endure forever, and I have always known I must get over misunderstandings and hurt feelings, so a few years ago I decided not to allow them to remain with me. Now I try to be especially considerate after any question has arisen and go along giving in as necessary so that it never becomes an issue. Of course," she added, "I really do have a wonderful husband." Her attitude has been won over years of trying to follow the advice given by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

As the decades pass, the understanding and love which grow in the marriage relationship are impossible to measure. A wordless look passed between a husband and wife may convey a world of meaning garnered over a lifetime of adjustment and sacrifice. The married partners who have reared their children in righteousness and set them on their own paths of marriage, in their later years may enjoy the harvest of connubial love.

Under the gospel plan wives and mothers receive the greatest development and blessings, for it is the plan of the Lord. The Prophet Joseph Smith has given Relief Society members advice of eternal import. By heeding his words and living in harmony with the gospel plan, members of Relief Society will do their part in maintaining the sacred relationship of marriage and hallowing it for time and all eternity.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 30 and October 1, 1953. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle, a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. The attendance at the meetings on Wednesday and on Thursday morning is limited to stake and mission officers.

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and ward should present to the president of the respective organizations a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

"Relief Society Handbook" Available

The Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society, 1949 edition, is available at the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedure. It includes a detailed index for ready reference and will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers.

Plant Bulbs for Spring Beauty

Dorthea N. Newbold

Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

WHO is there among us who hasn't wandered out into a sleeping garden, bundled against the chill of late winter, and searched eagerly for the first green spear of a daffodil piercing the brown crust of soil, or been thrilled again at the sight of the first blooms of the indomitable snowdrops?

Truly there is magic in a garden. Gardeners cannot create a daffodil, a tulip, or a hyacinth with all their beauty, color, and fragrance. Neither can a gardener tell how lovely blossoms are created. Yet each springtime we thrill again to their great beauty.

Nature has endowed the bulb with the faculty of storing up food energy so that it can make an early growth long before the perennials, shrubs, or trees get started in the scramble for the soil's nourishment.

If you were to peel the bulb you would strip off layer after layer of fleshy scales in which nature has thoughtfully stored the plant's food and energy. The scales are also the bases from which the leaves grow.

Keep peeling, and you will finally reach the bud, a perfectly formed flower complete with leaves, petals, stamens, pistils—all in embryonic stage.

Selection and Planting

Bulbs will do exceptionally well in your garden, for they are adaptable to many different soils and climates. However, good drainage and fertile soil are essential for successful bulb culture.

Insure the beauty of your spring garden by selecting only first class bulbs — large, firm, brown bulbs, without blemish. "Plant good bulbs and you will get good flowers." That statement is just as true today as when first uttered years ago.

A good rule of thumb for planting dates is — get all your bulbs in the ground before you cast your ballot — small bulbs and daffodils first. Plant bulbs six inches apart to allow for spread of foliage, and, for evenness of bloom, plant the bulbs at the same level. Be sure you plant with the pointed ends up, pressing the base of the bulb firmly against the bottom of the hole where it is to rest.

Bulb Varieties

First of all the bulbs to flower is the snowdrop. Often its buds may be seen as the snow disappears, just waiting for the slightest hint of spring to lift its sweet head. Plant snowdrops as soon as possible after the first of September, in a colony, where they will not be disturbed and can multiply year after year.

Chinodoxias, glory-of-the-snow, with their bright blue flowers, bring the first bit of color into the spring garden. They, too, look lonely planted singly. Take heed, then, and plant them in colonies.

Crocuses, those silken lovelies, whoever has had too many of them?

Dorthea N. Newbold

HYACINTH BORDER

Stately hyacinths border the garden walk and waft their fragrance through the garden and the house.

Use them everywhere you find to tuck them in. Plant an extra colony of them on the south side of your house, where the reflected sun will hasten their blooming date by more than two weeks. Their flowers, in white or gold, or in shades of lavender to dark purple, are perfect for rock gardens. These, along with scillas, chinodoxias, grape hyacinths, daffodils, and hyacinths, need early planting.

Scilla sibirica, squills, with their blossoms of blue, stay fresh and pretty for weeks in the April garden. Make a colony of them near Kaufmanniana tulips. They will flower at the same time and give lovely color contrast.

Every garden, whether large or small, can use colonies of these "first-to-flower" bulbs. They can be planted under three inches of good soil in odd corners around the garden, there to put on their annual display of beauty to charm all who see them.

Don't forget the hyacinth, for its rich fragrance will scent your entire garden. Plant them in groups of five to nine along in the indentations in your shrub borders. At long last, we are getting away from the idea that hyacinths must be planted in formal beds, or in rows, like soldiers marching along. Be sure to tuck in a few bulbs near your doorway, for then you may enjoy their fragrance each time you go in and out.

Daffodils, with their happy habit of turning their faces to the sun,

Ward Linton

SULPHUR PHOENIX NARCISSUS

have great appeal when planted in informal groups along a driveway or pathway, or as an edging for a boundary line of shrubs or evergreens. Companion plants to use include blue grape hyacinths, forget-me-nots, anchusa myosotis, pulmonaria augustifolia, pansies, and primroses.

When planting tulips and daffodils in close proximity, place the tulips in the front, for the daffodils will be in bloom while the tulips are still short, and then, when the tulips are in flower, they will hide the dying daffodil foliage.

Tulips should never be planted in thin lines or awkward blocks. When they are in bloom they look best in groups of six to twelve or more, edging garden walks, drifting in the foreground of shrubbery, lending a touch of Holland to your garden.

Tulips come in almost every shade of the spectrum, and in species that start with the conventional tulip shape and go on to a bewildering variety of beautiful forms with intriguing names.

They may be planted in October or early November. Early-flowering types, such as the Kaufmannianas, will bloom in late March or early April. May-flowering types, such as Darwins, Breeders, and Cottage tulips, will often last until early summer. Give some thought as to when you want your tulips to appear and your dealer will gladly suggest the proper varieties.

Color Arrangements

The springtime garden can be the most beautiful of the year, for, with a bit of planning, the beds of tulips and daffodils can have a carpet of blue or yellow flowers to enhance their beauty. A planting combina-

Ward Linton

PARROT TULIPS

tion that has never lost its popularity is the use of forget-me-nots set in among the daffodils, or use pansies or violas, both available in separate colors, or mixed, allowing you an opportunity to work out some striking color combinations.

An interplanting of pale yellow or cream-colored primrose polyanthus with red tulips makes a stunning picture. Or use white rock cress in front of, and interplanted with dark red, dark purple, or the near-black tulips. These dark-colored tulips, unless emphasized by placement with light-colored flowers, do not make a striking appearance in most gardens.

Yellow tulips, of late-blooming variety, planted under a bush of flowering almond, then given a carpeting of forget-me-nots, provide a picture in the garden that is charming. Or you might use pink tulips with the blue forget-me-nots.

The white flowers of perennial candytuft make perfect companion blooms for tulips of the more brilliant oranges and reds. Hyacinths seem to demand a very low-growing companion plant, such as English daisies.

Don't forget the bulbours irises, English, Dutch, and Spanish. Plant them early in September, in good fertile soil in a sunny section of your borders. They send up a tiny green spear during the fall months, which certainly helps you keep their location in mind. Their foliage is rather insignificant, but in spring, English daisies will make a fine underplanting for them, and then, when the daisies fade, annual portulaca will bloom until frost.

For time, labor, and money spent, I know of no flowers that will give you more in return than will your spring-flowering bulbs. Our gardens would not be so beautiful without them.

There is law in the garden. It is the law of creation, and if we will obey the law, play our small part by planting and cultivating, we can deal in magic. For we can take those firm brown bulbs, plant them according to the law, and, with the coming of spring, we can witness a miracle.

September Snow

Lael W. Hill

Pause to watch the moments pass—
Pause with summer in your hand:
More than frost lies on the grass,
More than breezes on the land.

As a sleeping child may sigh,
Dreaming everything grown old,
So these frail, white fretworks lie
And shiver in the scarf of cold.

Summer, caught into a tear,
Holds a later season's start:
Too early snow upon the year—
Too early winter in the heart.

Travel Highlights

FARM SCENES NEAR LAKE GENEVA

Elizabeth Williamson

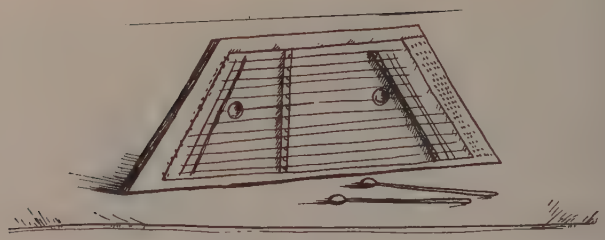
Illustration by the Author

ON the outskirts of the village of Thonon, on the French side of Lake Geneva, small patchwork farms border the highway. As you drive along, you are attracted by the old stone Provincial farmhouse with the hayloft built high above the ground and adjoined to the living quarters. You feel you would like to know these country people who love and know every inch of their ground. You feel certain that they must possess a rare sense of humor, for near the road is a charming scarecrow astride an old bicycle. He looks ready for anything, with his black felt hat and big umbrella. Surely the birds aren't fooled by this friendly looking fellow.

* * * *

New Serial "The Deeper Melody" to Begin in October

A new serial, "The Deeper Melody," by Alice Morrey Bailey, will begin in the October *Relief Society Magazine*. The story tells how Steven Thorpe, a widower with three small children to care for, solves his problems and establishes a home for his family. The author is well known to readers of the *Magazine*, having contributed many excellent stories and poems of wide appeal. Mrs. Bailey's writings have received outstanding awards in newspaper and magazine contests, and she has won prizes several times in the Relief Society literary contests.



DULCIMER

By Early Candlelight

VIII. Music in the Pioneer Home

Bonnie A. Kesler

AS far back as history is recorded, we find music taking an important part in the lives of people. In the religious pilgrimages of the ancient past, burdens and toil were lightened and sorrows calmed by song and harp. So with our pioneers, they sang their songs of praise and hope.

Annie and Hyrum fostered music in their own home and encouraged individual development of their children, and supported the music leaders in all their endeavors. One child played in the orchestra, and others took part in the operas and band concerts. Nearly every type of musical instrument was represented in the community, and the individuals who played the instruments entertained also in their own homes. Once a year Annie's children held a musical evening to which their friends were invited. Singing and its value were recognized on a grand scale in every Mormon community, with the home as the birthplace of the talent. Today the musical culture of the Latter-day Saint people is acknowledged by the musical world, a result of the ideals and the training in the humble pioneer home, such as Annie's and Hyrum's.

One of the most appreciated instruments was the piano, a heavy rectangular instrument about six feet nine inches long and three feet two inches high, in which the sounding board lay horizontally as in the modern grand piano. Several of these pianos were brought across the plains in wagons. Mrs. Milo Andrus in Big Cottonwood Canyon had a large oblong piano which she had brought in 1855 across the plains in a wagon drawn by oxen. The legs of the piano were removed in transit. Mrs. Andrus walked most of the eleven hundred miles, and anxiously watched the ruts and streams along the way. In the valley she gave piano lessons, and many students came to her home to practice because they had no pianos of their own. To play

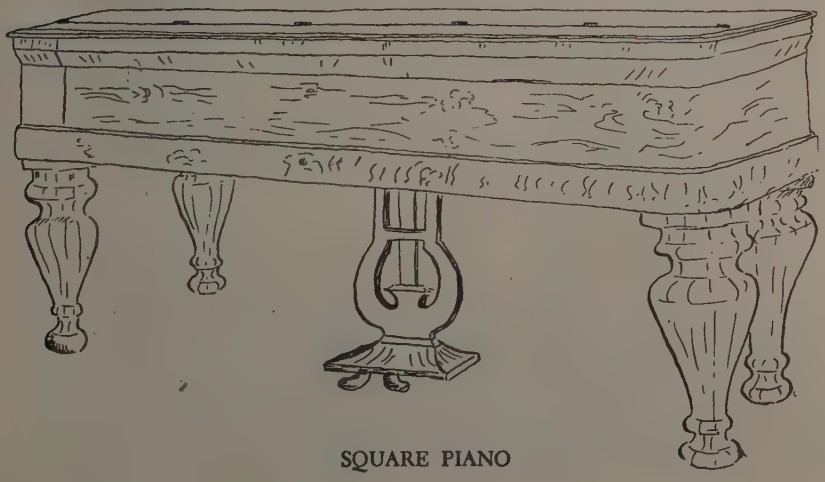
an organ of that day, the player constantly pumped with foot pedals to force the air through the pipes, but Annie's daughters provided sweet accompaniments to their family songs on their small organ.

Although there were many reed and brass musical instruments, the violins were the favorite music for square dances and quadrilles. As the pioneers listened to the sweet strains, hope and confidence filled their hearts.

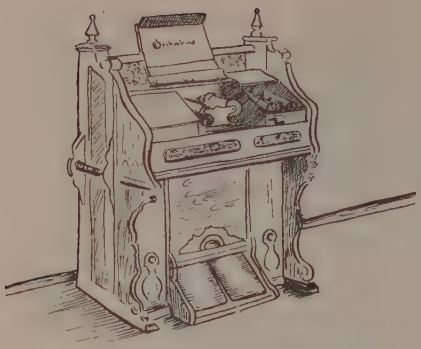
To cite an example of the extent to which some put forth effort to gain knowledge and skill in music, the following story was related by Hyrum to his boys. At the age of fourteen Samuel Jepperson made it known that he would like to play a violin. His father said they could not afford a violin. While the father was away working in the canyon and young Sam was at home with his father's yoke of oxen, a neighbor told Sam he would give him his violin if Sam would haul four loads of wood for him. Sam rushed home to tell his mother, but she discouraged him because he had no shoes. With her permission, he went to the canyon barefooted and worked four days felling trees, determined to have his fiddle. At last he was given the violin, but it was a poor one. Still he learned to play, and as the years went by, he earned better instruments and was never without his violin. In fact, he became a successful manufacturer of musical instruments.

Annie's neighbor had a drum. The father and son whipsawed a cottonwood tree from which the framework of the drum was made and then they prepared the skins for the ends and secured them with rawhide strips, they had a very good drum.

Two unusual instruments that were enjoyed during pioneer days deserve mention. One was a dulcimer, made in England about 1850. It had metallic wires stretched over a trapezoidal soundboard with a compass of two or three octaves, and



SQUARE PIANO



ORCHESTRONE

was played with two light hammers held in the hands. From the original dulcimer was derived the idea of the piano action. The beauty of its quaint, pastoral tones is difficult to describe.

The other rare instrument was the orchestrone, or paper-record player organ, one of which is still in St. George. Hearing of it recently, a curator from the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art visited St. George, hoping to purchase the orchestrone, saying that to his knowledge there were only three others in existence, one in their museum, one privately owned in New York, and the other in a museum in Germany. But the Utah prize was not for sale.

Hyrum and Annie could sing over one hundred different songs, some sad, some humorous, others philosophical, but always carrying a story. How their eyes twinkled when they sang for the children, "I bent my gun in a circle, and fired around the hill." Their home was the scene of many joyous hours spent in singing and dancing, Church and business meetings, wedding receptions, and other glorious celebrations.

Annie's and Hyrum's lives were filled with joy and happiness. Their successes greatly outnumbered their sorrows, and they never once doubted the wisdom of their early decision to go West with their companions.

Annie and Hyrum and their neighbors in the community developed a culture all their own, arising from their heterogeneous backgrounds and then settling down to a common, unified way of life. When they were called upon to meet a need, physically and spiritually, they met it. They kept their sights upon genuine values, those human values which gave substance and meaning to existence.

Perhaps we today can temper our commendable advances with proved and time-honored methods that developed through devotion to great ideals, in the beginning of one of America's great dramas.

* * * *

Pine Country Autumn

Ora Lee Parthesius

The wind sighs deeply as summer runs down
The road, with shadows like drooping wings,
Trailing her Indian paintbrush gown
To which one bluebell clings.

Special for Redheads

PART III (*Conclusion*)

Hazel K. Todd

Synopsis: Marian, a young stepmother, is deeply in love with her husband, Bob, and has succeeded in winning the hearts of Patty, the thirteen-year-old daughter, and Robbie, the youngest child. Rusty, the nine-year-old, however, is so antagonistic that Marian doubts if she will ever find a way to let him feel her love. Among other efforts, Marian prepares a birthday party for Rusty, but he refuses to take any part in it. Finally, Marian's husband tells her that he will not allow Rusty to treat her disrespectfully any longer, and that if Rusty's attitude doesn't improve in two days, he will supervise Rusty's conduct.

MARIAN wakened next morning with an ominous sense of calamity. The promise she had made so suddenly hung like a heavy cloud over her. There was a note on her pillow. This was the morning Bob was to leave early. There were words on the note that sent happiness thrilling through her, and at the end it said, "Good luck today."

Marian folded the note thoughtfully. She sat down on the bed and ran her fingers through her hair. For the hundredth time she went over in her mind all the boys she knew.

The patter of little feet and a cat's meow brought her back to present surroundings. She smiled at the pair standing together in the doorway. And the trust and happiness in Robbie's eyes brought joy to her heart.

"Shall we cook breakfast?" she asked, taking Robbie's hand.

"But Rusty says he won't eat any breakfast. He's out in the garage playing with the polliwogs."

Marian said nothing. It was a good start, she reflected wryly, for the day on which she had promised to succeed.

Indeed, success seemed to slip farther and farther away. Rusty not only refused to eat his breakfast, but at dinner he refused to come in until she had gone upstairs. Then she saw him slip into the kitchen, where she had left his dinner waiting.

For the first time she was really and truly afraid. With staggering force the thought came to her that perhaps she would never win Rusty. Perhaps things would get worse and worse. Suddenly a new fear seized her. If this were true, then she should go away. What right had she to spoil his home, to take away his security?

The thought grew on her. A dozen plans quickly formed themselves in her mind. But one after the other, they were chased away by thoughts of what the result would mean. She pictured herself pinning a note on Bob's pillow. The picture was quickly blotted out by a flood of tender emotion. She found herself telling Patty very straightforwardly that it was best that she go, but a picture of the little girl's face filled with sudden need for a mother chased that picture away.

She imagined talking to Robbie and his cat, but the fear and inse-

curity in the little boy's face ended that idea. She dropped on the window seat with a feeling of fatigue. It was no use. She couldn't leave what had in a few short months become an integral part of her. She knew no answer to her problem, but she knew she must still find one. Perhaps, after all, Bob's way would be the answer. But remembrance of the angry flush on his face frightened her. He probably had a red-headed temper. It would only bring some resentment from Rusty. Surely, there must be another way.

THEN the way came. It began with a cry from Robbie. It came from the direction of the garage. Her already tense nerves gave her added speed, and she quickly found herself in the doorway of the garage.

But it was Rusty's face, red with anger, and not Robbie's that met her eyes first. He was standing near the tipped-over jar where the polliwogs had been, and he had the smooth board in his hand. In an instant the situation cleared itself in Marian's mind. Blinky, the cat, was crouching behind a nail keg in the corner, and Robbie, with eyes dilated in fear was crying hysterically. At sight of Marian he ran to her for protection.

"Don't let him hurt Blinky. He didn't mean to eat the polliwogs. Please, Moth-er, don't let him hurt Blinky!"

Quickly she put one arm protectingly around Robbie's neck, while with the other she reached instinctively for the board in Rusty's hand. "Please, just a moment, Rusty."

Rusty was angry. His freckles seemed darker than ever. This time he did not sulk. Instead, the words came tumbling from him. "That cat—it ate my polliwogs. It deserves to be hit! It . . ." He suddenly stopped.

She felt the board tighten in his hand. He pursed his lips tightly together. He was shutting himself up again, and there was nothing she could do to break the shell.

But Robbie could break it. "Honest, Rusty, Blinky didn't know it would hurt to eat the polliwogs. And I'll catch you some more. Honest, Rusty, I can catch some. I watched you. I know how."

The little boy was all serious, and in his earnestness he looked at his older brother with big, somber eyes.

Rusty snorted. "Imagine you catching polliwogs! You'd fall in the mud and the polliwogs would run down your neck!"

Marian caught her breath. Maybe here was something she could do. She swallowed to stop the fast beating of her heart. "I could catch them for Robbie. I will be glad to."

Rusty stared at her in amazement. But, before there was time to know what he would do, Robbie was clapping his hands in glee.

"Come on, Moth-er, I will show you the swamp." And he picked up the old bucket.

Before Marian hardly knew what she was doing, she was hurrying down the garden path with Robbie tugging at her hand to go faster. She suddenly became aware of the bucket bumping his tiny legs with each hurried step. She paused and took it from him.

"Now we can go faster, Moth-er," he chirped and tugged harder at her hand.

They had reached the swamp before Marian had time to think of what she was supposed to do. She paused to catch her breath and at the same time looked into the dirty water of the pond before her.

"In there," Robbie was saying, "the polliwogs are in there. There's dozens of 'em. You get 'em with your hands and put 'em in the bucket."

AN involuntary shudder went through her as she looked at the murky water. But the shudder was checked at once when her side glance caught something. It was Rusty, half hidden behind a tree on the trail they had come over. He was watching! He was watching to see what she would do. She was on trial. Suddenly, through some intuition, she knew this was her supreme trial. She was on trial for Rusty's heart! She gave a quick glance at the sluggish water and swallowed the throbbing in her throat. Then she looked at her feet. Robbie was watching her, impatient at her delay.

"You have to take off yer shoes," he instructed. "Rusty always takes off his shoes. He takes off his shoes and rolls up his overalls, 'cause sometimes he sinks way down deep in the mud. It's awful muddy," Robbie was babbling on.

"Oh, I see," she said, unlacing her Oxfords. "But I haven't any overalls. I'll just have to hope it doesn't come over my dress."

"Hurry, Moth-er, I'll hold the bucket, and you catch the polliwogs. Catch a whole big bunch of 'em, won't you, then Rusty won't be mad at Blinky any more, 'cause I don't want him to hurt Blinky. 'Cause Blinky's the best cat in this whole world, and he can sing so pur-ty."

Marian stuffed her second stocking into her shoe and stepped gingerly into the edge of the mud. It oozed up between her toes, and she gritted her teeth to stifle a shudder. Then she would have jumped had her feet not been securely planted in the mud, for there was a splash and a ripple through the water.

"It's a polliwog, Moth-er, get it 'fore it goes away! Hurry, Moth-er."

And so began the strange game of chasing polliwogs to catch a heart. The first time she felt a polliwog in her hands she wanted to scream and throw it away, but Robbie was dancing up and down and fairly rattling the old bucket in his excitement.

"You've got one, Moth-er, you've got one! Don't let it get away! Don't let it get away!" And he nearly waded into the mud with the bucket to make sure she didn't let it get away.

So, one by one, she grasped the wiggling, goggly-eyed prisoners in her trembling hands and dumped them into Robbie's bucket, while he shouted and jumped about like a jumping jack.

SHE didn't exactly know when she first became aware of Rusty's presence in the pool, but after while she knew he was there catching polliwogs and dumping them into the bucket, too. He kept his dis-

tance and remained silent, but he was there, and her heart sang in her ears with the rapture of it.

And then she saw it, the prize polliwog. It was a beauty, as beauty in polliwogs goes.

Afterward, Rusty told her why it was so big and seemed to have three tails. It was because it was already taking on its future shape, that of a big green frog. It was resting languidly in the water, its goggly eyes sticking out like beads.

Marian saw it, and determined to have it. The game was becoming fascinating. She had almost forgotten its first unpleasantness. Right now her whole attention was fastened intently on that particular polliwog with a firm resolve to catch it. How was she to know that Rusty was sharing the same identical thought!

Marian didn't know just how it happened, but, suddenly, she and Rusty came together with a thud, and before she knew it they were down in the mud and water together, and she was choking on a mouthful of it. She heard Robbie clapping his hands. He was enjoying immensely the rigorousness of the chase. She floundered about to free herself from the murk, and then Rusty had hold of her hand and was pulling her up.

"I'm sorry," he was saying, as he held onto her while she pulled one foot and then the other from one mud hole and put them into another. "I didn't know you were after the same one that I was."

Marian wondered if she were hearing right. Rusty, proud, aloof, Rusty with his sullen eyes and eternal silence for her, was speaking to her, actually saying things, nice things to her.

Then a quick warning fear squeezed at the gladness inside her. She must say something, the right thing, to keep him talking. The right thing, what was it? Her eyes ran down her muddy arm to his hand holding onto her, and then they went to his face. His face! She had never seen his face like that before. One side of it was completely plastered with mud, and it kept running down and dripping off his chin. And then she forgot that she was hunting for the right words to say, and laughed, a rippling, merry, contagious laugh, because it was funny.

Rusty's eyes went quickly to her, one through a ruddy complexion, and one through an opaque plaster. They twinkled with hilarity, and then he laughed—laughed as Marian had heard him when he was with his "gang."

"Your hair-r!" he said, pointing at her head through bursts of laughter, "you look like a mud hen!"

MARIAN'S hand went instinctively to her head and came away with a handful of mud and leaves. She laughed again, while her heart whispered, "The happiest mud hen that ever could be!"

"You could pass for a mud turtle yourself!" she said merrily, and they laughed together.

Then they held onto each other through the mud and sat on a fallen tree while they scooped off the thickest.

"Four, five, six, nine, ten, fourteen." It was Robbie sitting on the ground with his legs around the

old bucket. He was counting polliwogs. She had forgotten him in the excitement. But, evidently, when the chase became duller, he had given his attention to the more exciting thing of the moment, the polliwogs. "Twenty-eight, forty-one . . ." And then, suddenly looking up and catching her eye, he shouted, perfectly oblivious to her bedraggled appearance, "Oh, Mother, we caught forty-one polliwogs!"

"Wonderful, Robbie!" Marian said with a laugh, "forty-one most precious polliwogs in the whole world!"

And then Bob came. She saw him marching up the path with long strides, the sun glistening on his red hair. New warmth flooded her already burning heart. She forgot the mud in her hair and her bare feet. She remembered only that she was in love, in love with life, and her family, and her family was all hers.

He stopped suddenly before her, a queer, puzzled expression on his face, and then he threw back his head and laughed, a strong, hearty laugh, containing all the satisfaction of a life that is full.

"What in the world have you two been doing?" he asked, "having a mud fight?"

"Why certainly not," Marian said primly, while she made a place on the tree beside them, "we've just been catching a few polliwogs."

Robbie, having caught sight of his daddy, came jamming the bucket against his father's legs. "Look, Daddy," he babbled, "We caught eighty-two polliwogs. Aren't they pretty?"

Marian gave Bob a wink, and they all looked admiringly into the bucket.

Rusty was standing up now. "Well," he said, "well . . . well, I guess I'll help Robbie take the polliwogs to the house."

"All right, Rusty," Marian said, "all right."

But he didn't go just then. He half started, and then hesitated a moment. Marian looked up at him with a smile. "Yes, Rusty?"

He gave a movement to start again, and then, suddenly, stopped and gave her a quick, sharp kiss on the cheek. Then he was gone in an instant, almost dragging Robbie and the bucket in his haste to get away.

Marian sat, not wanting to move and break the spell, while the tears ran down her muddy cheeks and dropped onto her hands.

And then Bob had her head on his shoulder. If her eyes had not been closed she could have seen the brown stain of the mud creep slowly over his light, green shirt.

Sunflowers

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Along the farm roads in the fall,
Sunflowers, standing straight and tall,
With bonnets made of petaled gold
Are nodding in the first wind's cold.
With autumn coming as a guide,
Their bonnets soon are laid aside;
With heads bowed in the warming sun,
They whisper that their work is done.
Swishing with the wind, they sing amid
A gold yield being harvested.

Selected Data

ANNUAL REPORT—1952

THIS annual report reflects the activities and achievements of Relief Society for 1952, its 110th year. Women of many nationalities living under varied conditions participated in the Relief Society program of the 196 stakes and 41 missions included in this report. Commendable increases were shown in nearly all phases of the program.

We congratulate the stakes and missions on the excellence of their reports. In the stakes, 57 were perfect and 124 required only minor corrections; in the missions, 10 were perfect and 22 required only minor corrections. The narrative sections revealed a wide variety of interesting and inspiring activities.

Membershp increased 7,903 over 1951, bringing the total to 140,354. Gratifying as this increase is, however, there was an increase of 13,826 in Latter-day Saint families. Stakes and missions, therefore, should keep striving to attain our goal—every Latter-day Saint woman a member of Relief Society. During the year, opportunity for development through engaging in leadership activities was afforded 85,497 women, an increase of 5,789 over 1951.

The average attendance at regular meetings throughout the Church increased slightly; theology and testimony meetings continued to have the largest attendance, followed in order by social science, literature, and work meeting.

Visiting teacher meetings increased 1,935 over 1951. The total average attendance was 48.71% (46.99% in 1951) a commendable increase; in the stakes 47.81% (47.43% in 1951); in the missions 55.95% (43.42% in 1951) indicating that the missions have made particularly notable gains in expanding this activity.

The increase of 184,441 visits by 3,780 more visiting teachers, in 1,790 more districts, brought the average number of visits to families to 7.87 from 7.59 in 1951. This increase, though slight in percentage, indicates steady progress toward our objective of 12 visits annually to each Latter-day Saint family.

Compassionate service continued to hold an important place in Relief Society as indicated by 16,336 more visits to the sick and homebound, and 868 more days care of the sick over 1951. Innumerable acts of helpfulness and kindly consideration for the aged, infirm, and unfortunate were related in the narrative sections of the annual reports. These, in conjunction with countless similar acts personally performed by members, are heartwarming evidences that the grand key words of the society as given by the Prophet Joseph Smith: "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do,'" are being carried into practice.

Relief Society continued to support the Church Welfare Program through participation in welfare sewing at work meetings, at sewing centers, and in other welfare projects.

In Family Welfare Service an increase of 569 initial visits made to needy families under direction of bishops, and an increase of 1,045 follow-up visits indicate an increased solicitude for those requiring care in this phase of the Welfare Program.

The general board is deeply grateful to all who contributed to the advancement of Relief Society during 1952. Present world conditions point up the need for faith, courage, and increased concern for the well-being of our fellow men. Relief Society, expanding to the far corners of the earth, through the loyal support of its members, will continue to minister to the well-being of those who come under its influence.

Margaret C. Pickering

General Secretary-Treasurer

Woodcuts and arrangement by Don Mortensen and Doug Johnson, Audio-Visual Aids Department, Brigham Young University.

MEMBERSHIP — 1952

140,354 members + 7,903 or 5.96% over 1951

In Stakes

236,442 L.D.S. Families + 11,258 over 1951

112,118 R.S. Members + 5,360 or 47.41% of potential membership

In Missions

48,107 L.D.S. Families + 2,568 over 1951

28,166 R.S. Members + 2,473 over 1951 or 58.54% of potential membership

LEADERSHIP ACTIVITIES

85,497 R. S. Members participated in Leadership Activities, 1952;

79,698 in 1951.

	1952	1951
General Officers	24	24
Stake Officers	2,281	2,190
Mission Officers	465	420
Local Executive Officers	12,385	11,839
Other Officers	5,993	5,448
Class Leaders	11,360	10,568
Visiting Teachers	52,989	49,209

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
United States and Territories						
Alabama			12	183	12	183
Alaska			4	81	4	81
Arizona	100	5,479	28	415	128	5,894
Arkansas			8	97	8	97
California	225	13,451	43	998	268	14,449
Colorado	22	1,121	21	477	43	1,598
Connecticut			4	91	4	91
Delaware			1	25	1	25
District of Columbia	2	132	—	—	2	132
Florida	10	353	33	518	43	871
Georgia	3	91	21	346	24	437
Hawaii	14	802	44	757	58	1,559
Idaho	307	18,061	2	29	309	18,090
Illinois	7	290	23	318	30	608
Indiana	1	25	22	450	23	475
Iowa			10	157	10	157
Kansas			23	281	23	281
Kentucky			14	202	14	202
Louisiana			21	393	21	393
Maine			8	71	8	71
Maryland	2	162	1	14	3	176
Massachusetts			11	169	11	169
Michigan			15	360	15	360
Minnesota			13	220	13	220
Mississippi			18	215	18	215
Missouri			25	478	25	478
Montana	3	22	45	1,999	48	1,121
Nebraska			10	139	10	139
Nevada	40	1,929	—	—	40	1,929
New Hampshire			2	16	2	16
New Jersey	2	61	2	54	4	115
New Mexico	17	517	18	346	35	863
New York	5	172	22	329	27	501
North Carolina			48	756	48	756
North Dakota			6	48	6	48
Ohio			17	398	17	398
Oklahoma			18	238	18	238

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
United States and Territories						
Oregon	43	1,935	28	685	71	2,620
Pennsylvania	1	41	24	353	25	394
Rhode Island			2	23	2	23
South Carolina	11	345	10	145	21	490
South Dakota			5	43	5	43
Tennessee			9	151	9	151
Texas	4	157	50	1,039	54	1,196
Utah	799	60,038	—	—	799	60,038
Vermont			2	27	2	27
Virginia	3	215	18	369	21	584
Washington	40	1,690	15	345	55	2,035
West Virginia			10	184	10	184
Wisconsin	3	93	13	150	16	243
Wyoming	49	2,710	12	219	61	2,929
Total United States	1,713	109,892	811	14,501	2,524	124,393
Other Countries						
Argentina			19	357	19	357
Australia			18	364	18	364
Austria			5	91	5	91
Belgium			6	49	6	49
Brazil			11	132	11	132
Canada	46	2,154	56	884	102	3,038
Denmark			14	366	14	366
Finland			9	142	9	142
France			11	89	11	89
Germany—East			76	3,278	76	3,278
Germany—West			64	1,212	64	1,212
Great Britain			82	1,066	82	1,066
Japan			4	151	4	151
Mexico	3	142	57	995	60	1,137
Netherlands			27	482	27	482
New Zealand			73	954	73	954
Norway			13	301	13	301
Palestine			—	—	—	—
Samoa			48	633	48	633
South Africa			14	119	14	119
Sweden			34	450	34	450
Switzerland			24	322	24	322
Tahiti			15	295	15	295
Tonga			37	579	37	579
Uruguay			22	354	22	354
Total Other Countries	49	2,296	739	13,665	788	15,961
GRAND TOTAL	1,762	112,188	1,550	28,166	3,312	140,354

MEETINGS — 1952

153,905 Total Meetings Held in Wards and Branches

105,468 Regular Meetings

	In Stakes	Increase over 1951	In Missions	Increase over 1951
Theology	13,636	+ 756	13,643	+3,103
Work	18,879	+1,205	15,380	+1,770
Literature	13,198	+ 775	9,721	+ 646
(Optional Lessons in Missions)				
Social Science	11,711	+ 588	9,300	+1,134

17,099 Visiting Teacher Meetings

		Increase over 1951
In Stakes	13,646	+1,037
In Missions	3,453	+ 898

31,338 All Other Meetings

		Increase over 1951
In Stakes	16,002	+ 957
In Missions	15,336	+3,967

ATTENDANCE AT MEETINGS — 1952

Regular Meetings

49,255 or 35.09% total average attendance in 1952; 45,524 or 34.37% in 1951.

	Av. Attendance In Stakes	Av. Attendance In Missions	Total Av. Attendance	Increase over 1951
Theology	41,252	12,825	54,077	+3,967
Work	34,835	11,745	46,580	+2,839
Literature	35,566	11,541	47,107	+3,997
Social Science	36,180	12,063	48,243	+3,419

Visiting Teacher Meetings

25,814 or 48.71% total average attendance in 1952; 23,125 or 46.99% in 1951.

Av. Attendance In Stakes	Av. Attendance In Missions	Total Av. Attendance	Increase over 1951
22,547	3,267	25,814	+2,689

VISITING TEACHING SERVICE

	1952	1951	Increase over 1951
Total Family Visits	2,240,244	2,055,803	+184,441
Visiting Teachers	52,989	49,209	+ 3,780
Districts	28,613	26,823	+ 1,790

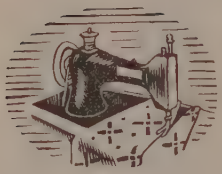
Families Visited

At Home	1,508,448	1,387,914	+120,534
Not Home	731,796	667,889	+ 63,907

7.87 av. visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1952; 7.59 in 1951.

SEWING SERVICE

	1952	1951	Increase (or Decrease) over 1951
Total Articles Completed	210,955	178,441	+32,514
Av. number of women sewing monthly at work meeting	38,686	36,574	— 2,112



Kinds of Articles Completed:			
Quilts	14,846	14,153	+ 693
Children's Clothing	21,583	19,132	+ 2,451
Women's Clothing	30,166	23,441	+ 6,725
Men's Clothing	3,088	2,391	+ 697
Household Furnishings	53,426	38,444	+14,982
Miscellaneous Articles	87,846	80,880	+ 6,966

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE — 1952

Compassionate Services:	1952	1951	Increase over 1951
Visits to Sick and Homebound	209,894	193,558	+16,336
Days Care of Sick	22,504	21,636	+ 868
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	6,474	5,952	+ 522
Dressing Only for Burial	787	649	+ 138

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE — 1952

	1952	1951	Increase (or Decrease) over 1951
*Average number of women participating in Welfare sewing at work meeting	8,422	12,856	— 4,434
Average number of women participating in Welfare sewing at sewing center	3,936	3,492	+ 444
**Average number of women participating in Welfare projects other than sewing	8,985	10,595	— 1,610

*Due to smaller Welfare budget assignments to wards

**Due to fewer calls for service on Welfare projects

FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE — 1952

	1952	1951	Increase (or Decrease) over 1951
Number of initial family visits under direction of bishop	7,879	7,310	+ 569
Number of subsequent or follow-up visits	18,207	17,162	+ 1,045
Number visited who gave service on Church Welfare projects	1,458	1,493	— 35
Number of women visited who sewed at work meetings	1,505	1,598	— 93
Number of women visited who sewed for themselves and families	1,965	1,864	+ 101

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements, 1952

Cash Balance on hand, January 1	$	798,533.11
Receipts		1,268,613.82
	$	2,067,146.93
Disbursements		1,121,721.23
Cash Balance on hand December 31	$	945,425.70

Assets and Liabilities, December 31, 1952

Assets

Cash Balance on Hand December 31	$	945,425.70
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office		422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings, Bonds, etc.)		104,788.96
Real Estate and Buildings		96,265.79
Furniture and Fixtures		597,874.87
Other Assets		147,489.59
Total Assets	$	2,314,757.13

Liabilities

Accounts Payable	$	2,736.76
Balance Net Worth		2,312,020.37
Total Liabilities and Net Worth	$	2,314,757.13

REPORT OF FUNDS FOR NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING, 1947 - 1952

Receipts		
Contributions	$	561,837.84
Interest		12,799.63
Proceeds from sale "Wist Ye Not"		2,197.50
Total Receipts	$	576,834.97
Disbursements		4,212.90
Cash Balance December 31, 1952	$	572,622.07

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA
1951 - 1952

	1952 Number or Amount	1951 Number or Amount	Changes 1951 to 1952 Number or Amount
Organizations			
Stakes and Missions, Total	237	230	+ 7
Stakes	196	188	+ 8
Missions	41	42	— 1
Local	3,312	3,177	+ 135
Wards in Stakes	1,762	1,667	+ 95
Branches in Missions	1,550	1,510	+ 40
Membership Total	140,354	132,451	+ 7,903
Stakes	112,188	106,758	+ 5,430
Missions	28,166	25,693	+ 2,473
General Officers and Board Members	24	24	
Stake Officers and Board Members	2,281	2,190	+ 91
Mission Presidents and Other Officers	465	420	+ 45
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	12,385	11,839	+ 546
Other Officers	5,993	5,448	+ 545
Class Leaders	11,360	10,568	+ 792
Visiting Teachers	52,989	49,209	+ 3,780
All Other Members	54,857	52,753	+ 2,104
L.D.S. Families, Total	284,549	270,723	+ 13,826
In Stakes	236,442	225,184	+ 11,258
In Missions	48,107	45,539	+ 2,568
Meetings and Attendance			
1. Meetings Held, Total	158,397	141,346	+ 17,051
General Board Meetings	29	27	+ 2
In Stakes and Missions	4,463	4,250	+ 213
Stake and Mission District Board Meetings	2,496	2,382	+ 114
Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Meetings	1,967	1,868	+ 99
In Wards and Branches	153,905	137,069	+ 16,836
Regular Meetings for Members	105,468	95,491	+ 9,977
March Sunday Night Meetings	9,365	8,461	+ 904
Visiting Teachers Meetings	17,099	15,164	+ 1,935
Preparation Meetings	17,501	13,735	+ 3,766
R. S. Conferences	2,885	2,694	+ 191
R. S. Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,587	1,524	+ 63
2. Average Attendance at Regular Meetings for Members	49,255	45,524	+ 3,731
In Stakes	36,962	34,458	+ 2,504
In Missions	12,293	11,066	+ 1,227

	1952 Number or Amount	1951 Number or Amount	Changes 1951 to 1952 Number or Amount
3. Per cent of Members represented by Average Attendance at Regular Meetings	35.09%	34.37%	
In Stakes	32.95%	32.27%	
In Missions	43.64%	43.07%	
4. Average Attendance at Visiting Teacher Meetings	25,814	23,125	+ 2,689
5. Per cent of Visiting Teachers Represented by Average Attendance	48.71%	46.99%	
Visits by Stake and Mission Officers			
1. To Wards and Branches	19,037	17,964	+ 1,073
To Wards by Stake Officers	14,445	13,559	+ 886
To Branches by Mission & District Officers	4,592	4,405	+ 187
Activities			
1. Visiting Teaching:			
Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	28,613	26,823	+ 1,790
Family Visits, Total	2,240,244	2,055,803	+ 184,441
Home	1,508,448	1,387,914	+ 120,534
Not Home	731,796	667,889	+ 63,907
Per cent at Home	67.33%	67.51%	
Number of Communications in Lieu of Visits	27,012	27,140	— 128
2. Educational Meetings:			
Average Attendance at Relief Society:			
Theology	54,077	50,110	+ 3,967
	38.53%	37.83%	
Work (Sewing)	46,580	43,741	+ 2,839
	33.19%	33.02%	
Literature	47,107	43,110	+ 3,997
	33.56%	32.54%	
Social Science	48,243	44,824	+ 3,419
	34.37%	33.84%	
3. Sewing Service at Meetings:			
Average Number of Women Sewing Monthly	38,686	36,574	+ 2,112
	27.56%	27.61%	
Total Articles Completed	210,955	178,441	+ 32,514
Kind of Articles:			
Quilts	14,846	14,153	+ 693
Children's Clothing	21,583	19,132	+ 2,451
Women's Clothing	30,166	23,441	+ 6,725
Men's Clothing	3,088	2,391	+ 697
Household Furnishings	53,426	38,444	+ 14,982
Other (Miscellaneous)	87,846	80,880	+ 6,966

	1952 Number or Amount	1951 Number or Amount	Changes 1951 to 1952 or Amount Number
4. Compassionate Service:			
Visits to Sick and Homebound	209,894	193,558	+ 16,336
Number of Days Care of Sick	22,504½	21,636	+ 868½
Number of Bodies Dressed for Burial	787	649	+ 138
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	6,474	5,952	+ 522
5. Church Welfare Services:			
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	8,422	12,856	— 4,434
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	3,936	3,492	+ 444
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other than Sewing	8,985	10,595	— 1,610
6. Family Welfare Services:			
Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	7,879	7,310	+ 569
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	18,207	17,162	+ 1,045
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,458	1,493	— 35
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,505	1,598	— 93
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	1,965	1,864	+ 101
Total Number of Wards and Branches With Lists of Nurses	1,743	1,461	+ 282
Wards in Stakes	1,277	1,109	+ 168
Mission Branches in United States, Great Britain, Canada	466	352	+ 114
Magazine			
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	111,881	102,754	+ 9,127
Finances			
Cash Receipts	$1,268,613.82	$1,081,656.12	$+186,957.70
Cash Disbursements	1,121,721.23	995,930.40	+125,790.83
Net Assets	2,312,020.37	2,086,073.03	+225,947.34

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 19—Teachings of King Benjamin

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Words of Mormon 12-18; Mosiah 2-6)

For Tuesday, December 1, 1953

Objective: To learn and apply to ourselves a correct understanding of the teachings of King Benjamin.

Address of King Benjamin

KING Benjamin was a high-minded man who worked assiduously to induce his people to transmute the gospel into terms of daily life. Even a cursory reading of his address to his people impresses us with the practical nature of the gospel he taught.

Before he delivered his great address, he and his son, Mosiah, instructed the people to assemble together. Because the temple was too small to hold the crowd, Benjamin built a tower near the temple and talked to the people from it. Because of the greatness of the multitude, all could not hear his message, so King Benjamin had the address written and distributed among those who were not within the sound of his voice.

The first part of his message was concerned with himself and his service to the people. He humbled himself before them, declaring that he was mortal like themselves, and that he was subject to the same infirmities of mind and body.

Benjamin was careful to establish in the people's minds his right to be their king and ruler. He informed them that he had been chosen by them, had been consecrated by his father, and had been "suffered by the hand of the Lord" in his position. As their rightful servant, he said, he had sought the eternal welfare of his people by serving them with all the mind, might, and strength the Lord had given him. He referred to his having labored with his own hands for his livelihood in order that the people would not be burdened with taxation. He called attention to the fact that government under him had been an institution to help and to protect the people.

Under his reign the people had not been confined to dungeons. They had not been allowed to enslave one another. They had been forbidden to murder, plunder, steal, commit adultery, or adopt any of the barbaric vices that tend to produce moral degeneration. He inspired the people with the proph-

cies and doctrines recorded on the brass plates, and impressed them with the significance of all the words that had been spoken by their fathers since they left Jerusalem over four hundred years before. King Benjamin was a diligent preacher of the commandments of God.

Service Above Self

Feeling that the people might take his reference to his accomplishments as boasting, he told them that he had related these things to them that they might grow in wisdom. All that he, as king, had done was only in the service of God, he said. And then he gave them one of the most important messages of the gospel, "When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God (Mosiah 2:17). No more practical gospel was ever taught to a people. It is the burden of Christ's message to mankind as given subsequently in his Sermon on the Mount.

Using his own worthy life as an example, Benjamin asked his people, "If I, whom ye call your king, do labor to serve you, then ought not ye to labor to serve one another?" (Mosiah 2:18). Continuing his chain of reasoning, based upon the rhetorical question, he gave them another question with its obvious answer. "If I, whom ye call your king, who has spent his days in your service, and yet has been in the service of God, do merit any thanks from you, O how you ought to thank your heavenly King!" (Mosiah 2:19).

King Benjamin then enumerated the reasons why they should be grateful to their Heavenly Father. It was a process of counting their blessings for them. He impressed them with the fact that they were eternally indebted to their Heavenly Father for life, for protection, for happiness, and for the ability to live in peace one with another. For these blessings, he told them, God asked that they keep his commandments. And when they did keep God's commandments, he blessed them; he made them prosper in the land, so they were always in his debt.

Mosiah Appointed King

Then it was that Benjamin informed them he could no longer be their teacher or king. He said the Lord had commanded him that he should declare that Mosiah, his son, was king and ruler over them, and Benjamin begged them to keep the commandments of God as they should be given to them by Mosiah. And he warned them against allowing contentions to creep in among them.

King Benjamin, after appointing his son king and giving his people advice as to what their attitude should be towards Mosiah, gave the people the heart of the message he had for them.

The Future Appearance of the Savior

Benjamin told his people that an angel had awakened him and told him that he brought glad tidings of great joy. The tidings were related to the salvation of mankind. The angel had foretold the coming of the Lord Omnipotent to take a tabernacle of clay in the flesh. He had said that while Christ was tabernacled in the flesh, he would perform a wonderful mission among

the people. He would do many mighty miracles, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, causing the lame to walk, the blind to receive their sight, the deaf to hear, and curing all manner of disease. The angel had declared also that Christ should suffer temptations and pain of body, hunger, thirst, and fatigue. He had said that his name should be called Jesus Christ, and that his mother should be called Mary. Further, the angel had declared that Christ should be scourged, crucified, and rise the third day from the dead. His blood should atone for the sins of the world, thus making possible the salvation of the human race.

Principles of the Gospel

After reporting what the angel had unfolded to him, King Benjamin discussed the doctrine of the atonement, saying that the blood of Christ would atone for the sins of all those who have fallen because of the transgression of Adam, "who have died not knowing the will of God concerning them, or who have ignorantly sinned" (Mosiah 3:11). He further explained that the blood of Christ would atone for the sins of little children.

But King Benjamin warned all those who would hear the gospel and who sin knowingly, that their only recourse for remission of sins and salvation would be through repentance and faith on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Benjamin continued:

> The time shall come when the knowledge of a Savior shall spread throughout every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. And behold, when that time cometh, none shall be found blameless before God, except it be little children, only through repentance and faith on the name of the Lord God Omnipotent (Mosiah 3:20-21).

Benjamin taught that "*the natural man is an enemy to God*, and has been from the fall of Adam, and will be, forever and ever, unless he yields to the enticings of the Holy Spirit" (Mosiah 3:19). Man must exercise faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, and must learn to bridle his natural disposition, and become meek, humble, patient, and filled with love, if he hopes to have salvation.

Benjamin also commented on the law of Moses and its relation to the atonement. This law had its symbols pointing forward to the coming of Christ and representing his mission for mankind, but it was of no value except through the atoning blood of Christ.

Every man is to be judged, however, according to his works, whether they be good or evil (Mosiah 3:24). If his works have been evil, he shall shrink from the presence of the Lord into a state of misery (Mosiah 3:25-27), and his torment shall be like a burning lake of fire and brimstone.

After completing this portion of his address, Benjamin looked over his people and discovered that they had fallen to the earth, for the fear of the Lord had come upon them. They cried aloud that they believed in the future appearance of Jesus Christ, and that they desired to subject themselves to his mercy.

Conditions of Salvation

Cognizant of their desires, Benjamin gave the people the conditions of salvation: first, they must

believe in God; second, they must repent of their sins and forsake them; and, finally, they must keep the commandments.

Benjamin desired his people to retain a remission of their sins, and told them they could help to do so by being liberal with their substance to the poor. He instructed them that every man must give according to that which he has (Mosiah 4:26).

He offered some very specific instructions to the rich, saying, "Ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish. Perhaps thou shalt say: The man has brought upon himself his misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance that he may not suffer, for his punishments are just—But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent; and except he repenteth of that which he hath done he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God" (Mosiah 4:16-18).

Benjamin's instructions to the poor were equally specific. The poor must be willing sincerely to say to the beggar, "I give not because I have not, but if I had I would give" (Mosiah 4:24).

But Benjamin was careful to point out that all these things must be "done in wisdom and order; for it is not requisite that a man should run faster than he has strength" (Mosiah 4:27).

Benjamin told his people that if they kept the commandments they should be filled with love; should increase in knowledge concerning the glory of God and of that which is just and true; should not have a desire to injure one another, but live peaceably together; should not allow children to go hungry, to transgress the commandments, or quarrel and fight, but teach them to love and serve one another. (See Mosiah 4:12-15.)

To live such a life, Benjamin said it was necessary to watch our thoughts and our deeds, and to observe the commandments. His unique contribution to our thinking upon this subject is the emphasis he places on watching our thoughts.

After completing his message, Benjamin inquired to obtain the response of the people. They cried that they believed all that he had spoken, and to witness it, they covenanted with God to keep his commandments the remainder of their days (Mosiah 5:5). Benjamin told them that because of this covenant, they should be called the children of Christ; for they had been spiritually begotten of Christ that day. Again, Benjamin emphasized the fact that Christ was the only name whereby salvation comes.

Whoever, he said, refused to take upon himself that name, must be called by another name, and would find himself on the left hand of God. In closing, he exhorted his people:

> Therefore, I would that ye should be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in good works, that Christ, the Lord God Omnipotent, may seal you his, that you may be brought to heaven, that ye may have everlasting salvation and eternal life, through the wisdom, and power, and justice, and mercy of him who created all things, in heaven and in earth, who is God above all. Amen (Mosiah 5:15).

Benjamin then took the names of all who had entered into the covenant with God, and consecrated his son Mosiah to be their ruler.

Questions for Discussion

1. How can we best serve our God?
2. Why did King Benjamin tell about his service to the people?
3. How did King Benjamin serve his people?
4. What words did Mormon use to describe King Benjamin?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 19—"Behold, He Sendeth an Invitation Unto All Men, for the Arms of Mercy Are Extended Towards Them, and He Saith: Repent, and I Will Receive You" (Alma 5:33).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 1, 1953

Objective: To point out the necessity to repent and overcome one's faults.

THIS statement from Alma is expressive of the boundless love of God to all those who repent. "Come unto me and ye . . . shall eat and drink of the bread and the waters of life freely" (Alma 5:34). All are bidden—not a preferred list or a selected few, but all mankind may come unto God by way of repentance.

The message of all the prophets throughout the ages has been that of repentance. Over and over they have extended the invitation of our Lord "Repent, all ye ends of the earth, for the kingdom of heaven is soon at hand" (Alma 5:50) is typical of their cry.

"Repentance is a means of pardon and is therefore one of God's great gifts to man" (*Articles of Faith, page* 114). Its importance cannot be overemphasized. No man is without sin, therefore, no man is exempt from the need to repent.

Knowing that men would make mistakes, a way was prepared by which they might make reparation and be forgiven. The way was by means of repentance. We may not go back and live our lives over again and avoid the mistakes we have made; but, through the tender mercy of God, we are given the opportunity of sincerely repenting. Repentance is necessary in order that the atonement of Christ may be effective in our individual lives.

Repentance involves several progressive steps and conditions. Recognition of sin is the first step; then follows a deep sorrow for sin; the repentant one will do all in his power to make amends for any wrongs sustained; and lastly he will refrain from committing the sin again, and determine to accomplish good. (See *Articles of Faith*, page 109.) "By this ye may know if a man repenteth of his sins—behold, he will confess them and forsake them" (D. & C. 58:43).

Though there is always hope for the repentant one, yet we must

not suppose that repentance is always possible. "The gift of repentance is extended to men as they humble themselves before the Lord." And "Repentance becomes more difficult as sin is more wilful." Also, "As the time of repentance is procrastinated, the ability to repent grows weaker" (*Articles of Faith*, page 114).

Amulek taught:

> Therefore, I beseech of you that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance until the end . . . . Ye cannot say, when ye are brought to that awful crisis, that I will repent, that I will return to my God. Nay, ye cannot say this; for that same spirit which doth possess your bodies at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world (Alma 34:33, 34).

If one hopes to obtain forgiveness through repentance, he must also be willing to forgive others. Repentance is not sincere unless one has become tolerant of the shortcomings of others. The Savior said:

> For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses (Matt. 6:14-15).

When repentance is genuine, great changes are wrought in the lives of men. That is the purpose of this great principle—that men may overcome sin and perfect themselves.

"Of all acts, is not repentance most divine?"—Carlyle.

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Spending the Food Dollar

Rhea H. Gardner

(For Tuesday, December 8, 1953)

THESE lessons are concerned primarily with buying practices. This lesson is to be treated from that standpoint. Reference to nutrition should be made only as it refers to better buymanship.

Money cannot be invested better than in foods which build health, strength, and general well-being for every member of the family. Life cannot be lived fully unless the body is in a good state of health. Good health is dependent upon good nutrition.

With good management, it is possible to provide an adequate diet at practically all income levels. Good management of the food dollar means buying diet essentials first, then including luxury and accessory items as the budget permits. It does not mean cutting out health-giving foods or reducing the total quantity below body needs.

The food budget takes a larger portion of the family income than any other single division of family living cost, except in very high income groups, where housing sometimes exceeds the cost of food.

Therefore, controlling food costs can affect the total pattern of family expenditures. Food planning and buying habits, food storage facilities and practices, home production of food, and methods of food preparation and service are all factors in controlling food costs.

Planning

Proper diet can be purchased at various costs. Whether you have much or little to spend, good planning will supply a better balanced diet. Going to market without knowing what you need is like taking a bus without knowing its destination. You are likely to end up at the wrong destination.

The smart homemaker's first step toward thrifty food shopping is planning her food needs in advance. It is doubtful if one or two out of the 168 hours we have to use each week, can be spent in a more profitable manner.

Planning the daily menu has been simplified by nutrition experts, who have classified foods into seven groups, according to their contributions to the diet. If, when planning meals, you will include at least one food from each group every day, you will be quite sure of getting all the foods your body needs. Where cost must be seriously considered, substitute less expensive foods for the more expensive ones within each group.

Many nutrients cannot be stored in the body for future use. Therefore, even though the family is served an abundance of good food on Sunday, daily needs must be met each of the other days of the week if body needs are to be met. If you need a green leafy vegetable for salads, and your money is low, you will do well to select cabbage rather than lettuce. It is far more nutritious and costs much less. Winter squash compares favorably with sweet potatoes in nutritional value and costs about one-third.

There is no economy in decreasing the amount of milk recommended for children or adults. Nutritionists agree that milk would be a good buy even at high prices, because of the many nutrients it provides. One pound of dry milk solids is enough for one gallon of skim milk. This may be used for all cooking purposes. The vitamin and mineral content is the same as whole milk, except for vitamin A. Canned milk costs a little more than dry milk, but less than whole milk.

There should be no skimping on fruits, vegetables, eggs, and other protein-rich foods. Spending the food budget wisely can result in less money being spent for food, as well as for doctor and dentist bills. Remember, *saving food money wisely is quite different from merely saving food money.*

Producing and Buying Food

There is a national trend away from home food production. One reason is because most foods can be purchased at the neighborhood grocery. Before rural families rely too completely on other sources of food, they should be reminded that health-giving foods, most lacking in diets of the undernourished, are those which can be produced on the farm at much lower cost.

Following are some buying tips which have been found profitable:

1. Shop in person whenever possible. Cash and carry is usually cheaper, and your own selection of food is more satisfying.

2. Compare costs of different forms of food, such as fresh, canned, dried, or frozen, and select that which suits your budget and need best.

3. Buy foods by weight, rather than by count, whenever possible.

4. Study advertisements in newspapers for specials. Compare costs at two or more places.

5. Take advantage of seasonal best buys and specials. Buy for advance needs, if storage facilities are adequate, and you can use the food while it is still fresh.

6. Buy fresh vegetables in bulk rather than in fancy bunches, if there is a choice. Tops left on vegetables take food from the root rather than add to it, and their being left on increases the cost of packing and shipping.

7. Study labels for quality and quantity or weight.

8. Buy on the basis of facts, rather than by habit.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. The claim is made that impulse buying is common among homemakers who do not plan their menus and marketing. What can be some of the dangers of this practice?

2. How does the preparation and proper care of food help in saving the food dollar?

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 35—Charles Dickens (1812-1870)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 15, 1953

Objective: By studying Dickens' life and his *Christmas Carol*, to realize more fully when and how he has immortalized the Christmas spirit in his writings.

Dickens' Ability to Re-Create Truth Imaginatively

WOULD you care to share in the very thoughts of a child, as few of us, once past twelve, ever can do again? Then open *Great Expectations* to the first page and hear little Pip telling simply a child's truth:

> As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this stage of existence.

What can one say of such writing? Why must anything be said at such rare moments of experiencing a complete, flawless reincarnation of human reality? By critics, wary of using superlative adjectives, Dickens has been acclaimed the greatest of all English novelists. After we have read the above paragraph, our dominant impression might well be, "Forget the critics

and scholars; this writing doesn't need explaining. From the first page I liked it, and right now I'm living it. And now, please, let me read."

Dickens' supreme gift is his ability to re-create truth. But the above passage is purely imaginary. True enough, but it is also true that imagined truth may seem truer than actual truth. One might ask, why don't children write the greatest children's stories, or doctors write the greatest stories of human suffering, or soldiers write the greatest stories of war and adventure? Or how could Dickens, aged forty-eight, know that "little stone lozenges" might produce in the mysterious, illogical, intense mind of a child the compelling image of little brothers "born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets"?

Of course the answer is obvious. While children have elephantine imaginations, they have little powers of selection. Then, too, self-consciousness would obscure the pathetic sincerity of this recollection, even if it miraculously escaped smothering beneath a mass of actual detail.

It remains, then, for the artist to re-create imaginatively the truths of life. And each writer creates reality anew in terms of his own judgment and awareness: "The world is seen in terms of the seer."

Dickens' Love of Humanity

Dickens' world was defined by his vibrant spirit as he sought self-realization and fulfillment by pouring forth his golden torrent of humor and love for humanity. And Dickens was passionately in love with the good life as he defined it: warm family affections, hosts of jovial friends, good food, comfort and peace both at home and at large in the community—all well spiced with sparkling good humor.

Above all, he loved to create people, mostly from the lower middle class which had produced Dickens himself. These immortal characters poured forth from his pen in a stream unbelievably rich and varied, each talking, acting, and existing in his own right. So real were they that Dickens could hardly bear the pain of finishing a book, thus deserting the characters he had created with such sympathy and joy. Long after a book had been written, he would quote voluminously from the opinions of Mr. Pumblechook, Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Micawber, or Peggotty.

Even when walking with a friend, he would remark, as he observed a passer-by, "His gait reminds one of poor Traddles, don't you think?" And in writing his books he did not create his characters (in *Pickwick Papers* there are more than three hundred), he was those persons, and when they laughed, Dickens filled his chamber with his own rich laughter, sometimes so filling his eyes with tears of laughter that he could not see to write. Likewise, he suffered with them, in their cold and barren homes or in the sometimes elaborately staged throes of death.

Thus there was never a gap between Dickens and his vast reading public, since he considered himself one of them. The working classes of England and America, from the beginning, knew he was one of them. And so he was, in subject

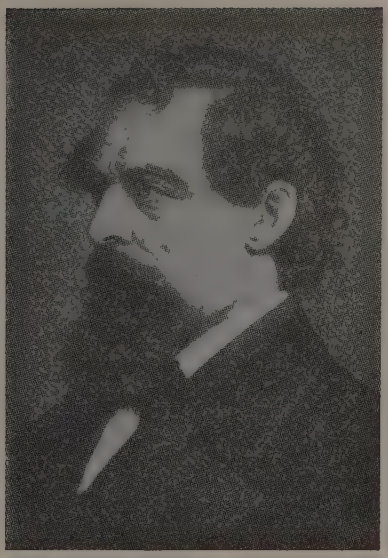
matter, in treatment, in belief and hope—really in everything. The greatest proof of the Dickens' miracle is that never once has Dickens' popularity slackened since his *Pickwick Papers* first appeared in 1836, when Dickens was twenty-four.

Dickens' Life

The second of eight children, Charles Dickens was born in 1812 to a navy clerk and his wife living at Portsmouth, England. When Dickens was not yet three years old, they moved to London. Later, Dickens recalled some details of this early incident: there was snow on the ground, and his sister took him to watch soldiers drill at a nearby field. Throughout life he absorbed the most minute details of scenes, people, and conversations. "I looked directly at nothing, and saw everything," he recalled, an evident truth when we consult his books.

Often the emergence of genius will not be accounted for, and Dickens is no exception. His father, whose people were domestic servants, was carefree, friendly, irresponsible; his mother was conscientious, somewhat rattlebrained, but idealistic and sincere. Neither had any exceptional training or talent.

Dickens was a sickly child, taught to read by his mother, and forced to stay indoors while his friends played outside. Until his twelfth year his father was his nearest companion, while he felt rather distant from his mother, so roundly did she scold John Dickens for his failure to assume either the financial or emotional responsibilities of parenthood. Whenever debts became pressing, he mysteriously disappeared, leaving no address; when the stern realities of life confronted him he would take his handsome, blue-eyed, curly headed son with him to the nearest tavern. There the young Dickens would sing and recite, much to his own delight and his father's as well. The two often took long walks together, a habit Dickens practiced in his later years, as relaxation after hours of writing.



A Perry Picture
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CHARLES DICKENS
(1812-1870)

These happy days were cut short when Dickens' father was placed in Marshalsea prison for debt. His mother struggled hopelessly to support the family. The pawnshop was her mainstay. At nine Dickens obtained a job in a black, dark basement wrapping bottles of shoe blacking. For two years he worked there, so ashamed of his father's im-

prisonment that he pretended he was an orphan. Yet he visited his father most faithfully. When an uncle left the family some money and the father was released, the pain was lessened, but Dickens' own children never heard of his first dismal job from his own lips, so painful was this memory to him. Surely it had much to do with his vowing that he would be a success.

After being errand boy in law offices, ambitious Dickens taught himself a most complicated system of shorthand, and, soon, he was one of the top reporters for various newspapers, spending much of his time in law courts and Parliament. In 1836, when he was twenty-four, he married Catherine Hogarth. They were not congenial and their marriage finally ended, twenty-two years later, in a separation. Ten children were born to them. A sister of his wife's, Georgina, spent her life in the Dickens' household, managing the household affairs and giving the children great affection.

Throughout his life Dickens made enduring friendships. He loved to entertain and was the ideal host, with his games and feats of magic for the children, and his irresistible personal warmth for adults. For years his wife put up with his love of gaiety and people, and moved the growing family all over Europe rather than dissent from his desires, but, at heart, Catherine wanted peace and quiet, and the final break, most painful to them both, had long been predicted before it came.

How supreme an irony it was that Dickens, who immortalized the virtues of domestic happiness, should spend his own domestic life without it. But this might explain, in part at least, the almost violent enthusiasm with which he carved out his own career. A tremendous worker, a shrewd, careful businessman, Dickens drove himself so ruthlessly, particularly in the last ten years of his life, that he killed himself through overwork.

Dickens' Writings

The young Dickens had begun writing *Sketches by Boz* simply for the delight he found in creating. He submitted the first few sketches anonymously to a newspaper, and soon had a reading public and a reputation. When the man hired to write a commentary on illustrations for the Pickwick Club failed in his contract, Dickens was hired as substitute. With the appearance of his Sam Weller, the series became tremendously popular, and Dickens spent the remainder of his life entertaining England either with his writings, which appeared weekly and monthly, or with his sensational public readings from his own works. He wrote almost twenty novels, and innumerable short stories and sketches which appeared in his own weekly newspapers which he edited and actively supervised during the last twenty years of his life. His best-loved works are *Pickwick Papers* (1836); *Oliver Twist* (1837-1838); *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840); *A Christmas Carol* (1843); *David Copperfield* (1849-1850); *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859); and *Great Expectations* (1860).

At his worst, Dickens' writings are sentimental, melodramatic, and extremely wordy, with little plot, and a journalistic shallowness of

A Perry Picture

CHARLES DICKENS' HOME, "GADSHILL," ENGLAND

characterization. At his best, Dickens' superb descriptions of scene harmonize with characters who "talk themselves alive." No one has surpassed him in his ability to arouse emotion in his readers. And the emotion which may become his most enduring monument is his immortalizing of the Christmas Spirit as created in his five Christmas stories, but particularly as found in *A Christmas Carol*, the first of these annuals to appear.

A Christmas Carol

Someone has observed, justly, that all Dickens' books are "Christmas" books, since his constant theme is either happiness and the goodness of natural affection, or the contrasting condition which follows when these virtues are absent.

Christmas is many things to many people. In Dickens' *Carol* Christ's birth isn't mentioned, yet when we enter the humble Cratchit home and feel their rich pleasure in wishing goodness and health to loved ones, the "Christmas Spirit" is so strongly felt as to be almost tangible. How does Dickens create this strong feeling? What is its origin? Much of his power arises from his skillful use of contrast.

Why does Christmas seem more nearly its true self, in some climates, when it is a "white Christmas"; and the deeper the snow on Christmas Eve, and the more chill the raw wind, the more delight we feel in the warm fireplace glow within our homes? It is the contrast between warmth and cold, between a family's happiness and a miser's loneliness, which makes Dickens' Christ-

masses so memorable. How gay the trappings of Christmas become when displayed against the bleak London winter:

Foggier yet, and colder, piercing, searching, biting cold. . . . The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense . . . . The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke; a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do.

Again, contrast the "cheap" darkness and bachelor gloom of Scrooge's barren rooms with the spectacle created with the entrance of the Spirit of Christmas Present. At his entrance

The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney. . . . Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, suckling pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn . . . .

We catch the same spirit of abundance as we enter the Cratchit home:

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

The happy preparations continue. Then

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

Finally, the father proposes a toast:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Here is contrast again: weak, crippled Tiny Tim swept along on the crest of exuberance, so completely forgetting his own afflictions that in all innocent sincerity he wishes only for the continuance of joy and love and such festivity among them. The physical abundance, the turkey which the lonesome, repentant Scrooge eagerly gives to the Cratchit family, so plump and fat that Dickens marvels how its legs ever supported it—all symbolize the superabundance of love and affection to those who truly understand

the "Spirit of Christmas Present." It is this phase of Dicken's Carol that we all know and love, and anticipate creating, in some measure, within our own homes during the holiday season. The other two excursions of Scrooge, with Christmas Past and Christmas Future, do not contain the magic spark, and are little read. But in the story of Scrooge's conversion by Marley's ghost and the Spirit of Christmas Present as he watches his employees and relatives celebrate Christmas together—here we feel the full, rich warmth of Dickens' heart, as well as the puckish, whimsical joy which ideally crowns the innocent pleasures of those who know the supreme joy of loved ones about them at Christmastide.

Note To Class Leaders

Attention might be called to the presentation of a *Christmas Carol* on the radio and perhaps television, near Christmas, and of recordings.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why has Dickens' popularity never ceased?
2. Discuss the importance of Dickens' painful childhood on his success as a writer.
3. What elements, made famous in his *Carol*, are common to all his books?
4. Why is Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* still a favorite at the Christmas season?

Social Science

The Constitution of the United States

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

Appropriate

RELIEF SOCIETY CHORAL NUMBERS

S S A

God Shall Wipe Away All Tears —Roma	$ .16
How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place —Brahms	.22
I Will Thank Thee, O Lord—Moir	.15
Lo, My Shepherd Is Divine—Haydn	.22
Lord, Hear Our Prayer—Verdi	.15
My Soul Is Athirst For God —Madsen	.20
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Memory's Magic

Francelia Goddard

To conjure up my past before me,
Show me hollyhocks.
Let me smell the scent of clover,
Pungent tansy, heady stocks.

Take me where the bees are droning
Where the swallows dip and glide.
Set me on an old stone wall
In a quiet countryside.

Rendezvous

Genevieve Groen

Listening to the brook
With its babble-o-bubbling sound,
I was watching day meet night
On this flower-colored mound.
Horizon hues were dark
With a lingering ray of light
Waiting just to hear
The pianissimo of night.

Song for a New School

Margery S. Stewart

May every child who comes to you
Be proud of more than brick and stone,
Remember more than lovely halls
Or gardens where spring beauty shone.
May every child have, as a gift,
The memory of a reaching hand
When he stood frightened and alone;
A gentle word, when all he planned
Was broken, or the quick delight
He heard in some dear teacher's voice
When he stood struggling in the mists
Of mind, and made the rightful choice.
May every child wear, as a cloak,
The happiness of learning why
Things are as they were made to be—
Winging bird in summer sky,
The tides, the winds, the turning earth,
All these things, the teacher's gold,
May they be his to love and hold.

Elizabeth

(Continued from page 586)

relief at knowing she was safe and loved again.

"I don't know what happened," I told Allen a few minutes later. "I guess we'll never know. I don't believe she could have come back alone. She could scarcely walk, and besides, she's so little and new to the neighborhood. The only thing I can figure out is that someone after all read the ad. Remembering the little dog they had struck, they picked her up and brought her back."

That day we took her to the veterinarian.

"There isn't much I can do," he said. "Her hip is cracked, but she will recover. She probably won't ever be able to stretch that leg out straight. But otherwise she'll be all right."

We took her home again. "What does it matter?" I said to Allen, as I held her in my arms. At least, I thought, now we can tell Jim about it. He wouldn't mind the bad leg. After all he had one, too. This he could understand.

* * * *

September

Beatrice R. Parsons

Pale, crimsoned leaves lie
drowning in a pool of rain,

Veined willow trees toss branches
in a tangled skein;

Against a sun-touched wall
a swinging vine

Writes summer's ending
in a tattered line.

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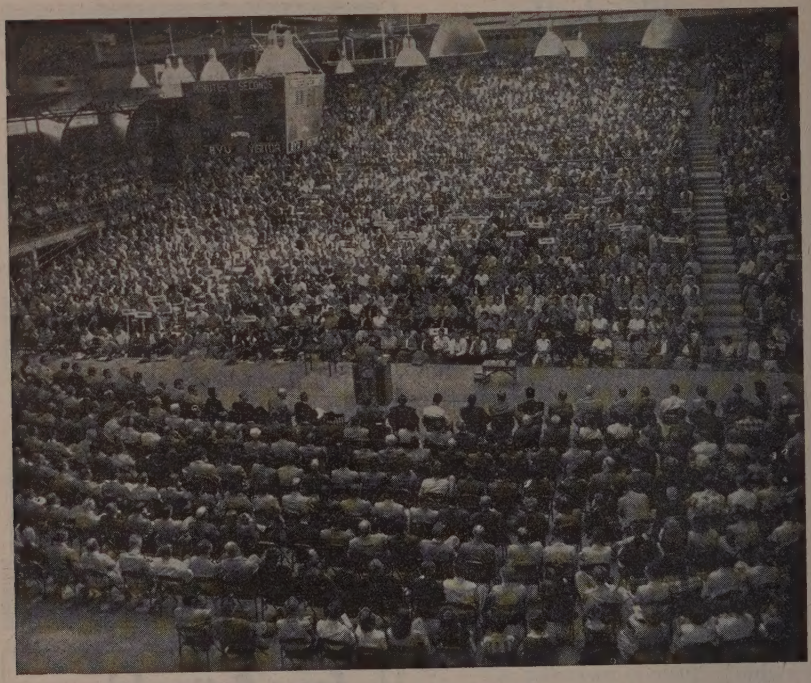

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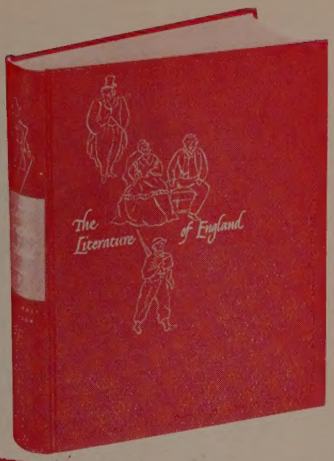

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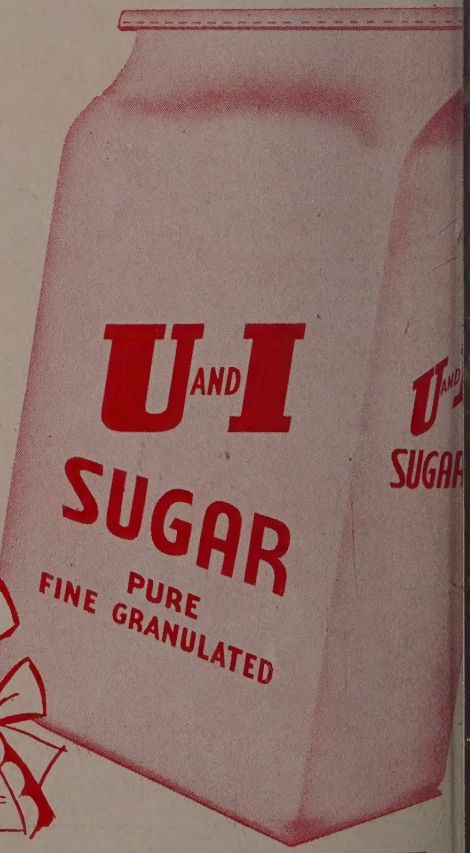

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